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THE TRANSVAAL.

LORD CAIRNS has not of late often indulged in set speeches on general political questions, and the Government have reason to wish that his reticence had continued. His criticism of the Transvaal arrangement was unanswerable and unanswered. Unfortunately fresh occasions for dissatisfaction with the policy of Ministers continually arise. The not unreasonable belief that the last had been heard of warlike operations in the Transvaal has been disappointed. A few hours before the final conclusion of peace the garrison of Potchefstroom, after bravely holding out for many weeks, capitulated for want of provisions, and doubtless also in despair of rescue. The armistice had been arranged to begin at each garrison from the date of the arrival of the provision waggons; so that, at least from this point of view, the Boers did not violate the laws of war. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to understand why Sir EVELYN WOOD did not take measures to convey intelligence of the facts earlier to Colonel WINSLOE. The waggons had two hundred miles to travel, and had not covered that distance in a fortnight. Ox-travelling is always slow, but mounted messengers could have done the distance in two or three days; and it is usual in such cases to send the earliest possible intimation of a cessation of hostilities to beleaguered posts. Perhaps Sir EVELYN WOOD was too busy in negotiating to think of the garrisons which have sustained the credit of the English arms so excellently during this unfortunate contest. Perhaps Mr. JOUBERT failed to carry out his undertaking to transmit the news. However this may be, the incident makes what was bad enough before worse, and may possibly serve to kindle livelier feelings of dislike at home to the manner in which the Government have managed the affair. It cannot be said that the prospects of a permanent peace are at present favourable. Although it was and is understood that a considerable portion of the old territory of the South African Republic is to be cut off as a native reservation, the Dopper party are believed to be extremely averse to anything of the kind. The animosity previously existing between the same party and the English and Dutch-English inhabitants of the Transvaal must necessarily make the condition of the latter almost intolerable, while compensation from a bankrupt treasury and from the pockets of a people notorious for their extreme indisposition to pay taxes of any kind is nearly impossible. When England acknowledged the United States of America, the Loyalists were compensated by the mother country, a precedent which Mr. GLADSTONE would hardly think it worth while to follow unless it were to impress on his admirers the expensiveness of Lord BEACONSFIELD's government. Perhaps Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL will repeat his ingenious and thoroughly democratic idea of a special poll-tax on all who voted for Tory candidates at the last election.

Lord KIMBERLEY, even before the duel in which he was so unequally matched with the late Lord Chancellor, was to be pitied for the awkwardness which he must have felt in receiving a deputation of those who constantly sympathize with whosoever happens to be the enemy of England. The Transvaal Independence Committee objects to the suzerainty; to the control of foreign affairs; in short, to all the provisions which are supposed to make the Government surrender tolerable. A return to the Sand

River Convention will satisfy them, and nothing short of that. Lord KIMBERLEY, conscious of the attitude he has himself maintained towards the annexation, must have felt not a little uncomfortable; but the fortunate tradition which enables Ministers to dismiss deputations with polite ignoring of their demands saved the situation to some extent. Nor is this the only point in which the COLONIAL SECRETARY is to be commiserated in his dealings with South Africa. For some time past the Cape Government has been pursuing, in reference to the Basutos, a policy curiously different from that of the Home Government towards the Boers. The Basuto war has been looked upon with disfavour by almost every section of politicians at home, and Mr. GLADSTONE's Government have used their good offices to put a stop to it. These good offices, however, have been contemptuously declined by the Cape Government, and hostilities continue, the Basutos probably wondering in their simple minds why the QUEEN's subjects in Africa persist in attacking them, while the QUEEN herself professes her readiness to accept their submission. Savages and uneducated people, as Sir EVELYN WOOD remarks in his perhaps too jubilant account of the settlement of O'Neil's Farm, "distrust Governments and trust persons." There is no need to inquire at present into the abstract question of the wisdom of the trust or the distrust. But it is a pity that the principle cannot be applied to Basutos as well as to Boers. More especially is it unfortunate that, at the very moment when Englishmen are making terms with those who are accused of being the principal oppressors of the natives, they should be actively harrying the natives themselves. But the heterogeneous conditions of social and political arrangements in South Africa have generally made these contrasts inevitable; and the restoration of the Boers to independence does not tend to lessen the danger.

Some documents of an interest which is now historical mainly have been published during the week. The despatch of Colonel ANSTRUTHER respecting the affair of Bronker's Spruit partly confirms and partly corrects the first accounts sent home of that unhappy business. It confirms, also, unfortunately, the strictures of Sir OWEN LANYON on the manner in which the party was led, and adds another to the woful list of mistakes committed in this brief and disastrous war. Treachery, properly speaking, there does not appear to have been; though Colonel ANSTRUTHER seems to have expected—and, according to usage, ought perhaps to have received—a second message from Mr. JOUBERT before the fighting began. "I had no expectation of meeting the enemy at this spot," says the unfortunate commander; and it can only be replied that, if he had been prudent, he would have had an expectation of meeting the enemy at any spot. Unfortunately, he was not so prepared; and the action, such as it was, simply presented on a reduced scale the features of the Ingogo and Majuba—inferior against superior numbers, wild firing in exposed positions against accurate marksmanship under cover. The detailed report of the Ingogo action, also published, needs only the same comment. "I had no intention of camping out, and had brought no supplies," says the GENERAL, who, like Colonel ANSTRUTHER, has since made the last atonement for any fault of judgment he then committed. Officers, we are told, cannot understand how the Boers drove the English from Majuba. The answer is simply the old one—with brains. Objections are frequently made to critics who sit at home at ease and judge of military

operations conducted abroad under difficulties. These objections hardly take account of the fact that the conditions of successful and unsuccessful war repeat themselves in military history with an almost tiresome monotony. Nor are these painful documents altogether unprofitable reading with regard to the future, for it must be a sanguine person who thinks that all difficulty in the Transvaal is over. Sooner or later there will be fighting again in South Africa almost without doubt, and it will be a question then whether our officers have or have not profited by the lessons of this extraordinarily unfortunate war.

It would probably be vain to search for another contest in which fortune was so unvaryingly against England. Sir EVELYN WOOD makes light of "a series of actions fought with six companies." This remark, which has been eagerly caught at by the apologists of the peace, seems to argue a somewhat unwise respect for big battalions. In this present petty war four engagements have taken place—at Bronker's Spruit, Laing's Nek, the Ingogo, and Majuba—and every one has resulted in a more or less disastrous defeat, with a total loss which would have been heavy for a battle with ten thousand men engaged. Everything is proportional, and unbroken defeat in engagements with six companies is no more to be made light of than unbroken defeat in engagements with six regiments or six divisions or six corps d'armée. It is idle to speak of such things as "not affecting our prestige." They could not, indeed, have affected our prestige had one been successful and another unsuccessful, but the uniformity of result alters the inference. There are also words of Sir EVELYN WOOD's which seem to argue indecision as to the point already mentioned of insisting on compensation to loyalists. Should any further timidity be shown, the effect, bad enough already, would be infinitely aggravated. The internal independence of the Transvaal has been restored at a price which, if it had been demanded under other circumstances, might perhaps have been satisfactory, but which in any case ought to be rigidly exacted. In this case the exactation is absolutely necessary. The abandonment of the loyal inhabitants would convert a dubious and disagreeable transaction into a disgrace of the deepest and most ineffaceable character. The surrender or weakening of any of the terms of recognition would be hardly more excusable.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

WHEN the Greek question was discussed at the Berlin Congress in 1878, Lord BEACONSFIELD said that, even before the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano, England had entered on negotiations at Constantinople for the rectification of the Greek frontier. The demand for this rectification was not prompted by any desire to satisfy the aspirations of the Greeks, and still less by any desire to dismember the Turkish Empire. It was made simply with a view of suppressing brigandage. Lord BEACONSFIELD himself disapproved of the Congress giving any indication of the direction which the rectification was to take, but Italy and France pressed for at least a general indication being given, and Lord BEACONSFIELD acquiesced. The Congress accordingly recorded that, in its opinion, the line should be drawn from the mouth of the Salambria on the east to the mouth of the Kalamas on the west. This was vague, and intentionally vague. A line from a point on one coast to a point many hundred miles off on another coast may include much less or much more, according to the fancies of those who try to trace it practically, and have to take into account the configuration of the land and the position of towns, strongholds, and rivers. All that the Congress did was to invite Turkey and Greece to come to an understanding on this vague basis, and to undertake to mediate between them if they could not come to an agreement. They did not fail to come to an agreement, because they never began to try to agree. Turkey looked on what had taken place as a mere invitation to negotiate, and it was an invitation she did not feel inclined to accept. As Turkey would not negotiate, Greece applied to the Great Powers to do something for her. They consented, and in the Conference of last year the Powers set out a definite line on a map. They were not mediating, for the case for mediation had not arisen. What they

did was to say what, if they had been mediating, they would have pronounced to be the proper arrangement for the parties to come to. In the fulfilment of this task they gave an interpretation to the line of the Congress very favourable to Greece. Instead of starting from the mouth of the Salambria in Thessaly, they started from a point far to the north of it, and when they got to Epirus, they drew a curly zigzag line, which not only included Janina and Metzovo in the district to be ceded, but seems in one part to go almost at a right angle to the direct line to the Kalamas, so as to give more country to Greece. As Turkey paid no attention to the recommendation of the Conference, Greece proposed to go to war in order to obtain by force what the Conference recommended should be given her. The Powers again intervened, but in a new character. What they now wanted was to preserve peace, and the only way of preserving peace was to press Turkey until she had consented to draw a line which the Powers would recommend Greece to accept. This has now been done. No official statement of the direction taken by the new line has been given, but there have been enough semi-official statements to show generally what this line is to be. It is not the line of the Congress or of the Conference. It does not start from the Salambria and go to the Kalamas. It does not start far north of the Salambria, and go curling far up into Epirus. What it does is this. It starts some way above the Salambria, not so far northwards as the Conference line, but still far enough to give Greece the rich plain on the north of the river; but, when Epirus is reached, instead of going westward to the mouth of the Kalamas, it goes southward, and follows the course of the River Arta. Practically, it may be said that it gives nothing in Epirus to Greece, but it gives in Thessaly more than was given by the line of the Congress, although less than was given by the line of the Conference.

It is obvious that everything in the negotiations turned on the question whether the Greeks were or were not to have Janina. If a perfectly straight line is laid down from the mouth of the Salambria to the mouth of the Kalamas, it passes south of Janina; but it passes so very little to the south, that it can scarcely be doubted that the Congress line was meant, so far as those who suggested it had any clear intentions, to give Janina to Greece. The Conference line went considerably north of Janina, and left no doubt as to who was to have this great object of Greek ambition. Janina is an important town, and it is substantially a Greek town; but it is separated from Greece by a barren district, inhabited by people who are mostly Mussulmans, and who, if they are not Mussulmans, are not Greeks. Turkey positively refused to cede Janina to Greece, partly because it did not wish to give Greece so much as she asked, but mainly because it could not bring itself to make over to its enemy the non-Greek population settled between Janina and the Greek frontiers. Nor was this only a matter of sentiment. The Porte had every reason to suppose that this population would not quietly submit to be handed over, and that coercion would be necessary to make it submit. To have used force would have been painful to the SULTAN, and would have probably provoked a general Albanian revolt. What happened at Dulcigno would have happened again in Epirus, only on a much larger scale, and whereas in the case of Dulcigno the Powers could call on the SULTAN to carry out his engagements, even at the cost of coercing his subjects, they could scarcely impose on him a new engagement to coerce his subjects in Epirus. The notion of giving Janina to Greece was thus abandoned, and, apart from Janina, the district which would have gone with it is of very little natural value to the Greeks or to any one else. For this district an equivalent, and a full equivalent in point of natural resources, was obtained by shifting the Thessalian frontier northwards. In point of useful soil the Greeks have now offered them as much as they would have got if the frontier had gone to the Kalamas, but had not included Janina. What they have not got, and what they longed above all things to get, was Janina itself. And on the question of the retention or cession of Janina hung a subordinate question which appears to have given the Powers much trouble and anxiety. The River Arta flows into the Lake of Arta, and the present Greek frontier runs along the southern shore of the lake until the lake joins the sea. The lake offers a commodious harbour, and is exclusively used by Greek ships. But

where the lake joins the sea the land closes up so as to give a very narrow entrance to the lake, and this entrance is commanded on its northern side by the Turkish fortress of Prevesa. Had the Greeks got Janina and the intervening district they would of course have got Prevesa; but, if they were to get nothing on the northern shore of the lake, they would be left with a Turkish fort commanding what is practically a Greek lake. For this no additional cession of land in Thessaly could be any compensation, and the Powers could hardly say that they were in a position to make a proposal to Greece that Greece might be reasonably expected to consider acceptable if Prevesa was left to command the Lake of Arta. There was no difficulty here as to the feelings of the inhabitants. Prevesa is an Italian town which was taken from Venice by the French Republic, from the French Republic by ALI PASHA, and from ALI PASHA by the Turks. There is no reason to suppose that Prevesa would have any objection to become Greek; but the Porte urged that Prevesa was so far connected with Janina that, if in Greek hands, it would afford a base from which the Greeks could operate in the direction of Janina. It therefore refused to cede Prevesa. Nothing remained except to effect a compromise, and it is said to have been settled that Prevesa shall remain in the hands of the Turks, but that its fortress shall be dismantled.

If the Greeks are not to have Janina, the offer now made them is one that has much to attract them. Without going to war, they get all Thessaly that is much worth having. Thessaly is rich, and, except a few land-owners, the population is exclusively Greek. And what the Porte now undertakes to hand over, it can hand over without any trouble. There is no need of coercing an unwilling population, and the Greeks may reckon on getting immediate possession of what is promised, which is much more than could have been said if they had been promised that any considerable portion of Epirus should be handed over to them. This is a very important point, and if the offer is to be looked on as a mere matter of bargaining, ought to be taken into serious consideration by the Greeks. In the circumstances that have arisen, Turkey, being unwilling to carry any cession out, and the Powers being resolved not to coerce Turkey, Greece would have got nothing if she had not threatened war, which made the Powers put pressure on Turkey, not for the sake of Greece, but for the sake of European peace. By threatening war, and by spending the money and incurring the debt which the threat of war has made necessary, Greece has got the offer of a large fertile province full of a population friendly to her, and this offer is one which can be practically made good without trouble and without loss of time. Financially speaking, it may be true that the game has not been worth the candle, and that the possession of Thessaly is not an equivalent for the money that will have been laid out in getting it. But there are other things to be thought of by a nation than finance, and a display of spirit and energy, followed by a certain measure of success, may do a nation more good than keeping its money in its pockets would do. Preparation for war appeals to the higher sentiments of a nation, and the Greeks have responded to the appeal with much spirit and determination. But it is this very appeal to the higher sentiments of the Greek nation that makes the present moment critical. The Greeks have always maintained that the war on which they were embarking was a war not so much of aggrandizement as of liberation. They wanted to make their country bigger and richer, but they wanted still more to free other Greeks from the dominion of Turkey. Europe told them once vaguely at the Congress, and again very definitely at the Conference, that among the Greeks so freed the Greeks of Janina ought to be included. Now they are told that the Greeks of Janina are not to be freed. From the point of view of their contention, what they are called upon to do is to abandon their "suffering brethren of Janina." Common sense and the legitimate influence of the Powers, and especially that of the Powers most friendly to Greece, will, it may be hoped, prevail. The Greeks get enough by getting Thessaly to satisfy their honour and to substantially benefit the nation. The Powers have got as much as they could get for Greece without coercing the SULTAN into coercing his subjects. Every motive of prudence suggests to Greece that peace is far better for it than war, and no Power would think

of helping Greece if it went to war now. But, in calculating the probabilities of war or peace, it is necessary to appreciate the real difficulty with which the Greek Government, if it desires peace, has to contend; and this difficulty is not that of persuading the nation that it has made a good territorial bargain, but it is that of persuading it that it ought to abandon those who, according to what it contends is the solemn judgment of Europe, should be included within its fold.

THE FREIHEIT PROSECUTION.

THE suggestion which we made last week that in the interests of public morality the law should interfere to put an end to the publication of articles containing open and avowed instigation to murder has been followed by prompt and vigorous action on the part of the authorities. The editor of the German Socialist organ in London, the *Freiheit*, which recently published a leading article approving of the assassination of the Czar and counselling the murder of the Emperor of GERMANY and other sovereigns, has been arrested. Of the responsibility of the accused man, Mosir, it would be unbecoming in us to speak while the case is still pending; but of the pernicious nature of the journal in question, and of the unwisdom of allowing it to go on unchecked there can be, we should imagine, but one opinion in the minds of law-abiding people. Since the article to which we called attention, another number of the journal has appeared, containing, amongst a mass of other seditious matter, an account of the meeting lately held in London to celebrate the anniversary of the Paris Commune and the news of the murder of the Czar. The resolutions passed at this meeting were as follows:—
 "The execution of the Despot ALEXANDER ROMANOFF, *vulgo*
 "Czar of RUSSIA, which was carried out on the 13th of
 "March in the present year, has filled the Social Revolutionists of all lands with great satisfaction. The noble
 "comrades who, at the sacrifice of their own persons,
 "executed the sentence of the People on that monster
 "have earned the thanks of all civilized men.
 "We encourage the Social Revolutionists of Russia to
 "complete their glorious work of freeing ninety millions of
 "men from the curse of an insolent Tartar horde which
 "has gained dominion over Russia. They are sure of
 "the loudest approbation of all the poor and wretched.
 "The extraordinary pressure which at present burdens
 "all peoples makes extraordinary measures necessary."
 These seditions doctrines are approved and encouraged in the number of *Freiheit* which is before us; and the rest of the paper is conceived in the same bloodthirsty spirit. Such words, coming as they do from ignorant and uncultivated men, might well be considered as mere idle bombast, were it not for the fact that a powerful organization does exist for the destruction of all law and order, and that ghastly murders and other outrages have followed, and may again follow, as their direct consequence, the expression of such sentiments. It is, therefore, unfair to compare the *Freiheit* and kindred publications with the pauper, but blatant, organs of certain disloyal sections of our own community; nor is it wise to place too much confidence in their presumed insignificance and inability to do harm.

We are not surprised that the action of the Government in taking up the prosecution should at first sight provoke unfavourable comments; but we are sure that maturer reflection will convince any one who is not obstinately prejudiced that the arguments against interference in the matter are weak in view of the altered circumstances of the present day. Sir WILLIAM HARROD had no difficulty in justifying his conduct before the House of Commons. Miserable and contemptible as the *Freiheit* is, it is the mouthpiece of the party of assassination; and, apart from all political considerations, the writer who calls upon other people to murder a fellow-creature, be it emperor or peasant, is surely as much deserving of punishment as if he had instigated the commission of any minor crime. What would be said of a police which permitted the publication in London of a paper intended to further the operations of a gang of swindlers, or advocating the pillage of a jeweller's shop in Paris or Berlin? To talk about the liberty of the press in the case of such publications as the *Freiheit* is an absurdity; it had

nothing in common with the press, was neither a vehicle for the expression of popular opinion or the dissemination of news, but was purely and simply the weekly manifesto of certain revolutionary refugees. Had it confined its utterances to politics, it might have gone on ranting until it died of inanition. Even when it approved of murder committed it might have been treated with ignominious contempt, but when it counselled fresh murders, and designated the individuals to be slaughtered, it rendered itself as much amenable to correctional discipline as if it had offended against Lord CAMPBELL's Act. The argument that a prosecution is an excellent and gratuitous advertisement for such a paper has but little force; while, should a conviction follow the arrest of its editor, it will be a safeguard against the publication of others of the same kind. A contemporary suggests that "it is safer to let men 'blow off steam by leading articles and resolutions than 'to leave them no means of expressing themselves but by 'dynamite.'" There is some truth in this; but it scarcely applies to leading articles and resolutions having no object but to encourage the use of dynamite. It is also true, as has been urged, that a paper suppressed in England might reappear in America or elsewhere; but it is scarcely logical to say that, because another country may possibly tolerate a nuisance, we ought not to try to get rid of it ourselves.

The most telling, though far from the soundest, argument against the Government prosecution of the Socialist journal is the suggestion, which will no doubt be made over and over again, that it is a concession to the demands of other Governments, and an attack upon the right of political asylum in England. It will be recollect that in a former trial in this country for conspiracy to murder a foreign monarch a jury were induced to give a verdict of acquittal by being told that they would do their duty though thousands of French cannon were roaring about their ears; but this is mere claptrap, for the offence with which the defendant in the case of the *Freiheit* is charged is one against common law and common decency, and it can surely need no foreign influence to induce the Executive to vindicate either.

Many eminent as well as obscure political refugees have from time to time sought and found shelter in England, and have been allowed to enjoy their opinions in perfect security, because they have behaved themselves as quiet, peaceful, and honest citizens. Any attempt to interfere with the right of asylum in the case of any of these would most justly call forth a storm of indignation, and meet with determined opposition. But it is a very different thing when, as in the present instance, the refugee takes a mean and ignoble advantage of England's hospitality to compass the death of England's friends, and to overthrow the structure of society upon which the prosperity of England as much as of any other country rests. It is certainly to be deplored that so vulgar and dastardly an offence should be dignified with the name of a political question; but unfortunately there is too great a tendency to make political capital out of any unforeseen incident, and this one will probably prove no exception to the rule. We should have preferred to see the editor and writers of *Freiheit* undisturbed in their original obscurity, but the same may be said of any low wretch whose crime makes him for the nonce notorious. We do not, however, let off the obscure thief or murderer because it is not a good thing to help such persons to obtain notoriety. At any rate, the arrest has taken place, and the law must now take its course; if there is anything to be urged, technically or otherwise, in the defendant's favour, he will certainly have the benefit of it; on the other hand, we feel sure that no external agitation or party cry will influence the even administration of justice. We can, in this country, afford to look on the Socialist movement with greater composure than some of our neighbours, for our own institutions, being so free and constitutional, are less pregnable; and happily the dark shadow of political assassination has not as yet hung over us. At the same time, there are unquiet elements in society even here, the existence of which it were unwise to ignore; and, although we should be the last to advocate any reactionary policy, we deem it worse than foolish to neglect the ordinary precautions against disturbance and crime which the Constitution already furnishes. The Nihilists and advanced Socialists aim at something more than mere political reforms or changes; they are bent upon the actual destruction of the whole framework of society, and are as

much its enemies as the burglar or garrotter. Still, as mere political theorists they have a right to their opinions and to be left alone; but when they appear as accessories before and after the fact to murder and outrages of which the criminal law takes cognizance, they ought to answer for their misdeeds "without the benefit of (political) clergy."

THE THAMES RIVER BILL.

THE House of Commons had a good time on Tuesday afternoon. Those who took any part in the debates of the Oxford and Cambridge Union will remember the keen excitement aroused in the members by "private business" as compared with the comparatively languid interest which was felt in motions relating to public affairs. Considering that public affairs are the proper concern of Parliament, it seems strange that this distinction should be reproduced in the House of Commons. Occasionally, however, it makes its appearance even there. Then the benches are filled at four o'clock, and the aspect of the House might delude a stranger into the belief that the existence of a Ministry was involved in the issue. The amusement provided for Tuesday was still more delightful. Private business may sometimes have the advantage over public, but both must yield to the charm of a discussion which has for its sole object the determination under which head a particular Bill shall fall. There are many members who may care nothing for the Bill in either character; but none can have a soul so dead as to be indifferent to a debate whether it shall wear one character or the other. This was the engrossing occupation of Tuesday afternoon. The Thames River Bill was set down for the time of private business, and Mr. RITCHIE had given notice of an amendment that its character and objects were such "as to constitute it a measure of public policy." No wonder that the House was content to put off even that delightful baiting of Ministers which goes on at question time. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S answers had for the moment no attraction. To hang on Mr. RITCHIE's demonstration that the Bill had been misdescribed as private, and to await Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S statement of the reasons why he was under no obligation to describe it as public, were more agreeable because rarer employments than anything which could be looked for lower down in the notice paper.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S argument was sufficiently convincing to relieve him of any suspicion of sharp practice. A private Bill has this conspicuous advantage over a public Bill—that it takes much less time to pass it. Every one admits that the House of Commons is overburdened with business, and Mr. GLADSTONE has, so to speak, offered a prize to the ingenious inventor who will devise some way of lessening the work it has to do. That fortunate man will be declared a public benefactor by the voice of the PRIME MINISTER himself. This was the prospect which fired Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S ambition, and the Thames Bill seemed to give him the opportunity for making a first essay towards its realization. It was not exactly a Government Bill, but it came sufficiently near being a Government Bill to invest Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with the control of it. "Strictly speaking," it was the Bill of the Thames Conservators, and they will have "to pay 'the expenses of promotion." But it has been concurred in by the Board of Trade, and it represents the opinions of a departmental Committee. The Board of Trade, in fact, has told the Conservators what it thinks they ought to do, and has generously given them leave to do it at their own expense. Still, it is not a Government measure, and consequently Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thought that there was a sufficient array of precedent to justify its introduction as a private Bill, and thereby to leave the House more time to give itself wholly to public affairs. Perhaps the House, except when obstruction is very rampant, does not wish to give itself wholly to public affairs. Perhaps it thought that to allow the use of this novel apparatus for saving time might constitute an inconvenient precedent. At all events, it looked with no favour on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S experiment. Mr. RITCHIE'S amendment was seconded by Sir SIDNEY WATERLOW. No private member could be found to oppose it, and finally Mr. BAXTER "earnestly appealed" to the Government to withdraw the Bill, and to deal with the question "in a proper and legitimate manner." A little earlier in the debate Mr. ASHLEY

had declared that the question could not be dealt with by a public Bill. Private it was, and private it must remain, unless the House of Commons was prepared to arrogate to itself the power to alter the essential nature of things. There was nothing in the speeches of Baron DE WORMS or Alderman LAWRENCE to lead Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to throw over his subordinate, but the reports of the Whip or his own observation of the House had convinced him by the time that he rose that either the essential nature of things must be altered or the Government would be beaten. Fortunately, when Mr. ASHLEY's impossibilities came to be looked at closely, they proved undeserving of so tremendous a name. Mr. ASHLEY had not formed his conclusion without some evidence to go upon, but he had not been very particular as to the quality of his evidence. It is commonly supposed that the Speaker is the authority to whom appeal should be made when the object is to ascertain what the rules of the House permit and what they forbid; but Mr. ASHLEY, perhaps wisely, had taken care not to ask the SPEAKER the question. He had only referred to "experienced gentlemen outside." Mr. ASHLEY had in fact taken counsel's opinion on the subject. This is a very proper course to follow as a prelude to stating a case for the decision of a court, but it is not usual to treat counsel's opinion as a substitute for the decision of a court. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN referred the matter to the SPEAKER, it turned out that Mr. ASHLEY and his experienced gentlemen had all been in the wrong together. There was no objection to the measure's being introduced as a public Bill, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN accordingly consented to bring it forward in that character.

As there will be other opportunities of considering the Bill on its merits—though whether they will be afforded this Session is a little doubtful—it is not necessary to say anything about them now. The only question that arises out of Tuesday's debate is the question whether the Bill had any proper claim to the private character with which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN desired to invest it. Putting technicalities aside, it seems most probable that it had no such claim. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN contended that under the searching examination of a Select Committee its faults or its virtues would be at least as thoroughly sifted as in a Committee of the whole House. This argument, if it is worth anything, would justify the application of private Bill procedure to all legislation whatever. The answer is that, as regards a great number of Bills, something more is wanted than a thorough sifting of their provisions. The House of Commons is not always willing to be bound by the report of a Select Committee. It wants to exercise its own judgment and to speak with its own voice. Nor can it be said that, if it insists on doing this in the case of the Thames River Bill, it will be pledged to show itself equally inquisitive in the case of every other private Bill. The Thames River Bill, as it was described in Tuesday's discussion, will certainly affect interests large enough to be regarded as public. It deals with no less a question than the navigation of the greatest of English rivers. At present, every ship navigating the Thames is compelled to carry a pilot, and, considering what immense interests would be affected by this regulation, it is only natural that the House of Commons should not lightly forego the right of speaking its mind upon its clauses one by one. There may be very good grounds for abolishing compulsory pilotage, but the House of Commons may fairly wish to weigh these grounds for itself, instead of leaving them to be estimated by a Select Committee. By another provision of the Bill the Thames Conservancy is created a nuisance authority and given the power of inspecting all factories on the bank of the river. This may be an enactment of great practical value, but it is one which the owners of these factories regard with some alarm, and though; if the Bill had remained private, they would have been heard either by counsel or in person before the Select Committee, this is not at all the same thing as having their objections threshed out in the House of Commons. On the whole, therefore, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's second thoughts were better than his first, and Mr. RITCHIE may claim the credit of having helped to train up an interesting but wayward child in the way in which it behoves him to go.

CENTRAL ASIAN AFFAIRS.

THE remarkable statement made by Sir CHARLES DILKE last week in the House of Commons, although half withdrawn by Lord HARTINGTON, and only confirmed since by vague rumour as to the personal intentions of the Czar, would of itself suffice to direct attention to the condition of that part of Turkistan which borders on the Perso-Afghan frontier. The ratification, moreover, of the Government plans for the abandonment of Candahar, and the utter anarchy in which Western Afghanistan is reported to be, make the situation still more interesting. To this, again, has to be added the fact that there is, or was very recently, a European traveller at Merv for the first time for many years. The Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has so long been hovering about the outskirts of the Turkoman district, has at last succeeded in penetrating to the fabulous city, as a prisoner it is true, but as a prisoner soon to be released. No further intelligence has been received from this adventurous traveller, except an assurance of his safety and freedom, and the very important news that the Russians are actually on the lower course of the Tejend Daria or Heri Rud, the river which, rising in the Hindu Koosh, flows westwards past Herat and then northwards into the desert, where it loses itself in a great swamp or lake, the waters of which, when properly utilized, used to give its historical fertility to the oasis of Merv. Another of the scanty fragments of intelligence which have to be pieced together by any one who seeks for information on these matters has it that the remnant of the Tekkes have asked permission of AYOUR to place their families in safety in his dominions, a permission which, if granted, would hardly be of much value if it be true that AYOUR is once more a prisoner in his capital, besieged and threatened by mutinous soldiery, while revolt and anarchy are rife throughout the provinces he used to rule.

The situation at the time that Sir CHARLES DILKE made his singular statement, "on independent authority," respecting the intentions of the Czar was this. Speaking roughly, five stages or districts separate the Russian posts on the Caspian shore from the Oxus where it leaves Afghan Turkistan. The first of these is desert, and the Russians had to surmount it before they could attack the second, consisting of the oasis of the Akhal Tekkes. The resistance of the latter at the fortress of Yengi Sheher or Geok Tepe has delayed them for two years. But this is now entirely surmounted, and the power of the Akhals is definitely broken. Between the Akhals and their brethren of Merv a second stage of desert intervenes, then comes Merv itself, and then yet another desert strip bounded by the Oxus. The Russians were left at Tejend, the last stage before plunging into the waterless wilderness which intervenes between the Herat river and Merv. Thus placed, they have already mastered that road to India of which so much has been heard, and which has been mistakenly thought to run through Merv itself. The road to India from the Northern Khanates and from Orenburg does, indeed, so run, but not the road from European Russia by the Caspian. The shortest way in this latter case is inside, and to the south of the range of mountains which forms the northern frontier of Persia; but Persia being, at least nominally, independent, this does not count. The next shortest is that which the latest advances of General SKOBELEFF have put actually in the hands of the Russians to within a stage of Afghanistan. This road is from the Caspian desert and inconvenient; but a railway has already bridged, or is in rapid process of bridging, this gap. Thenceforward it is easy enough leading through the now subjugated Turkoman country to the north-eastern corner of Persia, where, by way of the border fortress of Sarakhs, close to which the Russians now are, it turns to Herat and to India. Their present position, therefore, or their position before the mysterious and unconfirmed orders to which Sir CHARLES DILKE referred, so to speak, masks Merv, renders it powerless as an obstacle on the way to India, and only valuable as opening yet another way, the way from Khiwa and the north. Now there is a rumour that the recall of General SKOBELEFF, of which the UNDER-SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS made so much, concerns only Merv. Unless the Russians are prepared to face the great and terrible wilderness between Tejend and Antioch-on-the-Murghab, they must drop downward through Persian territory to

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Sarakhs, and thence work upward again. This violation or abuse of a neutral territory has been committed by them before in the course of the war, but the new Czar is said to look on its repetition with disfavour. All, therefore, that Sir CHARLES DILKE's statement, even if literally true, need mean is that General SKOBELEFF has been forbidden to prosecute his plans against Merv itself at present. Considering that the best authorities doubt the possibility of so continuing the expedition until next year, this is a very small mercy. Considering that, as has been shown already, the occupation or non-occupation of Merv by the Russians in no way affects the fact of their having actually cleared away almost every obstacle which lay between them and the Afghan frontier, the mercy is smaller still. To make the recall or the stoppage of operations of any real value, the Akhal oasis ought to be entirely evacuated, and nothing but a post of observation to the west of it, if even that, retained. If this were done, as sanguine persons hope, there would be some reason for speaking of the action of the Czar as deserving compensatory withdrawal on our side. But if it be not done, the recall of SKOBELEFF is a mere empty form calculated to impose only on those (and it is to be feared that they are a considerable number) who are utterly ignorant of the actual circumstances and geography of the case. The country which the Russians have now actually occupied, to use a parallel which will be at once intelligible to all acquainted with modern history, stands to Afghanistan, and therefore to India, very much in the position which the Valtelline occupied in old days to Italy, and for the purposes of the Power occupying it, it is as unnecessary to go to Merv as it would have been for Austria, possessing the Valtelline, to go to Chambéry. The parallel—deserts taking the place of mountains—is almost an exact one.

While this is the case on the lower course of the Herat river, the way to it being completely clear to the Russians, and the power of the Turkomans being restricted to a doubtful possibility of maintaining themselves in their isolated stronghold of Merv, the districts on the upper part of the same river and further south are in a complete state of anarchy. It is not known whether the failure of AYOUN to obtain investiture of Candahar from the English Government has discredited him with his followers, or whether the always smouldering jealousy between the Eastern and Western tribes has once more broken out without special cause. But his Herati and Candahari troops are said to be in open mutiny, the Cabuli regulars alone remaining true; while away from the capital, especially in the rich corn-producing districts surrounding Farah, his officers are being killed or driven off. In short, the whole country, from the Turkoman frontier to the neighbourhood of Candahar, appears to be in a flame. It has been argued, with the curious optimism which is usually strengthened by ignorance of the subject, and sometimes rewarded by a chance result, that this state of things favours the prospects of ABDUL RAHMAN. The idea seems to be prompted by the same notion of Afghanistan as a settled and stable unit, only desiring to be integral and independent, which has appeared so often in the controversies respecting it. The natural condition of the country is a condition of intestine war and disintegration; and it does not in the least follow that a tribe will join one candidate for universal sovereignty because they have attacked his rival. If ABDUL RAHMAN is strong enough to overawe Candahar and Herat, or clever enough to conciliate them, he will gain and hold them, and that is all that can be said. There would be a touch of comedy in the suggested request on his part that our troops should remain to countenance him at the southern capital. The English partisans of "scuttling" have descended pathetically on the wrong we should do to the AMEER by remaining at Candahar, and on the harm which the mere semblance of his being a *protégé* of ours would inflict on his chances. All these things, however, are only rumour. The facts as known at latest dates remain, that the Russians are now complete masters of the road to India up to the Afghan frontier, and that the part of Afghanistan to which they have thus opened the way is in utter anarchy. Peace may of course descend upon Herat, and independence may be restored to the Akhal Tekkes. It can only be said that every reasonable Englishman will be heartily pleased at events which at the present moment present not much more probability than is compatible with their being not absolutely impossible.

COUNTY MAYO.

THE time when the Irish Land Bill is to be laid before Parliament draws near, and every scrap of information which can enable Englishmen to judge how far the Bill is at once a comprehensive, a just, and a practical measure ought to be eagerly welcomed. The difficulties of framing a measure which shall fulfil these conditions are seen to be greater and greater the more that such imperfect information as can be procured is attentively studied. It is difficult to make the measure comprehensive, for inside Ireland there are nine or ten Irelands, all distinct from one another. It is difficult to make it just, for every rule that can be laid down seems to require endless exceptions. It is difficult to make it practical, for as to many of its provisions it must be a grave matter of conjecture how they are likely to work. Even to make a probable conjecture as to the future, the guesser must satisfy himself so far as he can as to what are the facts of the present. Unfortunately, a great obscurity hangs over these facts. What we want is the evidence of competent observers, and when we get such evidence as is offered us we frequently find that it is subject to great drawbacks, that it is tinged by the peculiar theories of the witness, that it is drawn from the knowledge of a very limited area, or that it is the evidence of an outsider, honest and intelligent, no doubt, but sent for the special purpose of making the best report he can in a very short time on a country of which he had no previous knowledge. It is much to be regretted that there has been so much delay in publishing the evidence taken by Lord BESSBOROUGH'S Commission. The introduction of the Land Bill has been delayed long beyond the date when the Government announced that it was ready to bring in its measure, and even with all this additional time, the evidence of the Commission created to collect the facts that were to serve as a basis for the Bill will scarcely be in the hands of members before they listen to Mr. GLADSTONE'S statement. To some extent, however, the deficiency is supplied by the vast body of evidence collected and published by the Duke of RICHMOND'S Commission. Far the larger portion of the volume relates to Ireland, and the selection of witnesses was at once wide and happy. All that can be said on the question of Irish land, from the point of view of liberal, kind-hearted, far-seeing proprietors, was said by Lord DUFFERIN, Lord LANSDOWNE, and Colonel KING-HARMAN. Professors and soldiers, large farmers and little farmers, butermen and railway managers, Presbyterian ministers, and Roman Catholic bishops, all told their tale, and if, after reading all they had to say, we still feel the want of more information, it is not because their evidence was meagre so much as because the subjects on which they touched are so vast or so complicated, that the little that is learnt about them seems nothing as compared with the vastness of that which is not learnt. Most of the leading English newspapers have also sent special Correspondents to Ireland in the last few months, and it may be said to the credit of those sent that they have tried to learn all that it was in their power to learn in the circumstances in which they were placed, and that they were superior to any wish to accommodate their reports to the political leanings of the journal in which their reports were to appear.

The *Times* has just published what may be the concluding number of its series of reports on Ireland under the head of "County Mayo." It is perhaps too unfavourable a specimen to be taken as a fair sample of such contributions to knowledge, but it shows not inaptly what we may and what we may not expect to gather from them. What we are told is, no doubt, true, and is in itself well worth knowing. But it gives only the merest scrap of a contribution towards the information as to the state of one of the most backward, disorganized, and distressed counties in Ireland which we should like to have placed before us. It tells us that there are some good landlords in Mayo, that the land of these good landlords is low-rented, that pasture in Mayo has to some extent replaced tillage, that it would not be kind to establish peasant proprietors on red bog-land, and that rents are sadly in arrear. But on this last point we are left in doubt as to what is the date on which the writer is supposed to be writing. In an early part of his letter he tells us that, since the partial restoration of order, things have mended and rents are coming in. Then follows a series of notes on different estates, and in each estate the collection of rents appears to be more and more difficult, until

in one of the last of these picturesque descriptions we find the writer painting the scene before him on a bright January day. It is very interesting to know how things looked in Mayo in January when the Coercion Bill was only talked of, but it would be much more to the purpose to know how they look at the end of March now that the Bill has become an Act. A correspondent can only give what he has got to give. He takes notes in different places at different times, and pieces them together when he has leisure and opportunity. He wants to learn all he can in a short time, and much the easiest way is to visit the best class of proprietors, who are sure to welcome him kindly, and to give him information which they know must redound to their credit, and which it is only just to those and those like them shall be placed on record. If there was nothing else to report, the occasion of making reports would never have arisen. What we want to know is the real state of things in County Mayo. What is that has made County Mayo what it is? Colonel DEANE, one of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Duke of RICHMOND's Commission, and who had travelled over a large part of Ireland in connexion with the MARLBOROUGH Fund for relieving distress, spoke thus of Mayo as compared with other adjacent counties:—"I thought the land looked worse, and the condition of the people looked worse, and the general aspect of the holding was more unkempt and less tidy, and less cared for." This is the general aspect of County Mayo. It is the aspect which must be regarded when we ask whether the new Land Bill will for County Mayo be a practical measure. From the point of view of justice, it is certainly important to know that even in Mayo there are good landlords with properties fairly thriving. Such landlords have an excellent right to ask that justice shall be done them. But the practical difficulty is to deal with County Mayo as Colonel DEANE saw it, and not with the little cases of prosperity to which the Correspondent confined his attention.

There are in County Mayo, as in Connaught generally, and in the South-West of Ireland, too many people. These people are always on the verge of famine, they are entirely ignorant of agriculture, they work little and badly, and they are inclined to be lawless. Mayo is an especially lawless county. One witness before the RICHMOND Commission said that they had lately got in Mayo as far as roasting a man, and he very properly considered this inexcusable. He thought that in decency they might have confined themselves to houghing cattle. Every witness agreed that this population must be thinned, and that to be a practical measure the Land Bill must start some process of thinning it. Three modes of accomplishing this desirable end were suggested. Some witnesses thought that by fixing the occupants in their holdings they would thin themselves. The unthrifty and the idle would find it impossible to retain their holdings, and then the thrifty and industrious would step in and take the place of those who, being dispossessed, would go with the proceeds of the sale into the towns or to America. Other witnesses talked enthusiastically of migration—that is, a transference of the population from occupied to unoccupied Irish lands. It is to projects of this kind that the Correspondent refers when he speaks of the cruelty of planting occupiers on a few acres of bog-land. Such schemes are condemned by the best judges, but it is only fair to say that the schemes actually proposed were not so crudely absurd as the Correspondent seems to indicate. Professor BALDWIN, the leading theorist on the subject, supposes that each family transplanted has given it a sum of £10. to start with; and his colleague in the investigation ordered by the RICHMOND Commission was strong in insisting that drainage must precede colonizing unreclaimed lands. Very handsome ideas, it may be remarked in passing, are afloat as to what the State ought to do in the way of drainage. The Bishop of CLONFEET, for example, said that, in his opinion, the beginning of everything was to drain the big rivers. If all the water could be got out of the Shannon into the sea, then Ireland might be really happy, although he was quite willing to withdraw the suggestion if it could be shown that there were any serious engineering difficulties in the way. The third machinery is that of emigration, and there was a remarkable agreement of testimony that there would be no very great reluctance to emigrate if the people could once see that it was to their advantage to go, and could be made to feel that they were not going

under any kind of State compulsion. If it can be supposed that the population of Mayo were in any way thinned, what, it may be asked, would be the result? Even if we assume that under a marvellously clever Land Bill the law of the survival of the fittest is to be the law of human existence in Mayo, we have still to ascertain what we mean by the fittest. The Correspondent, who had probably got sick of being drenched to the skin in his tours, adopts one of those hasty generalizations which are so dear to hurried tourists, and lays down that grazing, nothing but grazing, and grazing on a large scale, will alone do in Mayo. But an important body of evidence given to the RICHMOND Commission points in a different direction. Witnesses who knew what they were talking about said that the most that could be got out of the soil, even in the moist West, was to be got by a mixture of tillage and grazing, and that, although the process could be carried on profitably on a large scale, it could also be carried on profitably on a small scale; and many of them were of opinion that a decent livelihood could be obtained by spade husbandry where a rapid ascent made it impossible that the plough should be used.

OUR IRONCLAD SOLDIERS.

THE mode of warfare practised by the British army is about to undergo a serious change. That this change will from one point of view be an improvement is beyond question. In their indirect action, at all events, the new rules as to summary punishments might have been drafted by the Peace Society. In the brutal days when flogging was still resorted to, the object of all war was unblushingly acknowledged. Flogging was justified on the ground that it could be easily and promptly inflicted; that the offender, though suffering sharply for the time, rapidly recovered from its effects; and that for these two reasons a soldier sentenced to be flogged was soon as ready as before to kill or maim such enemies as came in his way. It is plain that if for flogging there can be substituted a punishment which must necessarily withdraw a man from useful service in the field for some considerable time, he will kill or maim fewer enemies in proportion, and to this extent the object of war will no longer be attained. This fact, even if it stood alone, would suggest that the Peace Society had had a hand in the framing of the rules which Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN explained to the House of Commons on Monday. To subtract a certain percentage of British soldiers from the work for which they have been enlisted is an appreciable step towards fulfilling the Society's purpose. As it happens, however, this fact does not stand alone. The new punishments withdraw those subjected to them from active service in the field, and they do nothing else. All the eloquence that has been expended on the wickedness and folly of inflicting degradation on British soldiers turns out to have been wasted. The new penalties are at least as degrading as flogging.

In future the soldier who might formerly have been flogged will be punished at the discretion of the commanding officer in one of three ways. In the first place, he may sit or stand in irons. We say sit or stand, because, though neither of these words occur in the rules, it is provided by implication that while in irons the offender must not be compelled to walk. He may be "moved from place to place," but it must only be in a "waggon, cart, or other vehicle." There is reason to suspect that this limitation was the result of a compromise between the Peace Society and the War Office. The object of the Peace Society was no doubt to prohibit all motion on the part of offenders while in irons, since this would have involved an equal absence of motion on the part of the soldiers employed in guarding them. It would plainly be cruel to leave men in irons to the tender mercies of an enemy—say a Boer with a flag of truce—who might happen to discover them, and, provided that a sufficient number of men could have been found to qualify themselves for being put in irons, the whole force in the field might have been required for this purpose. Had the Peace Society been able to carry out their wishes in this respect, a new career would have been thrown open to its more adventurous members. In no way could war have been more effectively prevented than by enlisting and committing an offence for which the missionary of peace would be put in irons. It would have been too much perhaps to

expect Mr. RICHARD to sacrifice himself in this way, but to a youth of active temperament and pacific enthusiasm the new career might have had many charms. It may be supposed, however, that at this point the War Office put down its foot. No matter how many soldiers might be in irons, it insisted that the power of changing its place should not entirely be denied to a British army in the field. After their recent triumph in South Africa, the Peace Society could afford to be merciful, and offenders in irons may be moved from place to place so long as they are not compelled to take other than carriage exercise while on the march. The second of the new punishments is seemingly to be used when all the available vehicles are filled with soldiers in irons. It will then be necessary to inflict some penalty which is consistent with motion on the offender's own legs. He may accordingly be attached "to a cart, 'waggon, or horse, so as to compel him to move onward "at a walking pace." The progress through an enemy's country of a regiment in which bad characters happen to be numerous will henceforward be a very striking spectacle. The main body will consist of the waggons containing the men in irons; attached to the waggons will be the men undergoing the penalty of attachment; while behind these will come a third class of offenders, those sentenced "to carry extra burdens or weights." The selection of this last penalty displays great judgment on the part of the military authorities. It is necessary to provide for the case of all available vehicles being wanted for the conveyance of men in irons. If the only other form of summary punishment had been attachment to a cart, waggon, or horse, the soldiers who had not been guilty of any offence would have been obliged to carry their own baggage, a state of things which might conceivably have had the demoralizing result of tempting them to qualify themselves for summary punishment as a preferable alternative to becoming a beast of burden. By making carrying burdens itself a punishment this undesirable consequence is avoided.

Putting aside the third penalty, it can hardly be denied that the new punishments are to the full as degrading as flogging. Fetters are traditionally associated with convicts and galley slaves, and to put a soldier in the position of the extra horse behind a return coal-waggon is as little likely to maintain his self-respect as any plan that can be thought of. If this were all, however, the objection to the new rules would not be worth considering. All punishment is more or less degrading; and, so long as it is only inflicted for acts which in themselves imply more or less of degradation in the offender, it is quite fitting that it should be so. The real faults of the new rules are that the infliction of them is likely to prove extremely inconvenient and not particularly deterrent. Before 1879 a soldier convicted of drunkenness or insubordination in presence of the enemy, or of marauding in an enemy's country, was made to feel that indulgence in these pleasures brought with it sharp physical suffering. Flogging took no time, and only withdrew a man from his duty for a very short time. Under the new rules it will no longer be possible to inflict sharp physical suffering. Sitting or standing in irons is no doubt unpleasant, but it cannot be said to give actual pain unless the infliction is prolonged for some considerable time. It is accordingly provided that any one or more of the new punishments may be repeated for fourteen days, so long as not more than three of these days are consecutive. To inflict the maximum penalty, therefore, will require nineteen days. During all this time soldiers undergoing punishment will be useless. A man in irons would be useless in a charge, and as he may only be moved from place to place in a waggon, cart, or other vehicle, he could only take part in one conducted after the manner of the ancient Britons. Nor would an infantry soldier be of much service while attached to a cart, waggon, or horse, moving onward at a walking pace. Carts and waggons will naturally be found well in the rear of the army, and a horse which in deference to the man attached to him could only be moved forward at a walking pace, will be less in the way there than in the front. As regards the bearers of the burdens, they could hardly be sent to attack the enemy without risking the loss of the baggage; nor, even if this danger were disregarded, would a detachment of heavily laden porters advancing with shouts of "By your leave" be likely to create much alarm. Consequently all these punishments must go on at a convenient distance from the enemy, or they must not be

inflicted when the army is in the field. In the former case every man who is inclined to skulk will take care to get put in irons or tied to a cart's tail as soon as the enemy is known to be at hand, or else the new means of enforcing discipline will cease to operate just at the time when discipline most needs to be enforced. It is still more likely perhaps that these penalties will never be imposed at all, since officers are to take care that they are "inflicted in such a manner as is not calculated to cause injury or to leave any permanent mark," thereby aiding the detection of deserters, a measure entirely opposed to Radical notions of liberty. As officers will not wish to incur any responsibility in this matter, they will naturally do nothing, except under the advice and almost in the presence of the regimental surgeon. During, and for some time after, an engagement this gentleman will be wanted elsewhere, and he will scarcely have time to consider whether the continuance of the punishment will be prejudicial to the offender's health—a duty expressly imposed on him by the new rules. Altogether, therefore, the punishments which it is now proposed to introduce exactly meet the presumed wishes of the adversaries of flogging. By making the maintenance of discipline almost impossible, they still further diminish the already impaired efficiency of the British army.

RUSSIA.

IT is impossible that the new CZAR should have done much as yet to indicate the use which he intends to make of the great power which has devolved on him. He has had neither leisure nor time to adopt anything that can be called a policy. But the little that has been done by or in Russia since his accession harmonizes with the popular belief that his general wish is to keep Russia out of foreign complications and to introduce some measures of internal reform. The speech of the Crown Prince of GERMANY at Moscow may be accepted as a proof that he sees no difficulty in making the ties that have so long united Germany and Russia at least as strong as they ever were. The Prince of ROUMANIA has been turned into a king; and, although it may be said with truth that he won his crown at Plevna, still he is connected with the Royal Family of Prussia, and has only assumed his dignity after having satisfied Austria that his little kingdom will appreciate at its proper value the maintenance of friendly, if not dependent, relations with her Western neighbour. In the most recent discussions on the Greek question the influence of Russia is said to have been exercised with new energy in the interests of peace. What is the real significance of the recall of General SKOBELEFF it is impossible to say at present, but the statement that he was recalled because he wished to push forward to a settlement far outside his previous sphere of operations may be provisionally accepted. For the sake of Russia, as much as for that of Europe, it may be hoped that these are all signs of a wish on the part of the CZAR for peace, each slight, but taken together of some real importance. Of one thing there can be no doubt, and that is that, if ALEXANDER III. purposes to devote himself to internal reforms, he will have enough to occupy his attention. Before, however, he can give his mind to vexed questions of domestic government, he must, it is said, put down the Nihilists. It is to be feared that putting down the Nihilists is a thing easier to talk of than to do. The notion of a grand combination of Governments to stamp out Nihilism, as if it were the cattle plague, does not seem very promising. It may be possible to make a secret society more secret, but that is all. A Government, too, like the German Government can do something to check the spread of revolutionary and demoralizing teaching within its own borders. But Nihilism, so far as it is a peculiarly Russian form of a general disease, can only be dealt with in Russia and by Russians. What makes Nihilism really alarming is not that the Nihilists managed to kill the late CZAR, but that those who have to defend the present CZAR against his enemies seem to be either marvellously inefficient or very untrustworthy. The curious thing is that what the Nihilists intend to do is known to the Government officials, and what the officials intend to do is known to the Nihilists, the only difference being that the Nihilists act upon what they know, and the officials do not. In some mysterious way the Nihilists are supplied with intelligence which can

only come from persons who have access to quarters very high in the official world. That he has enemies who openly say that if he does or does not do this or that thing they will kill him, is enough to sadden the life, although it may not break the courage, of the Czar; but that there is so much reason to distrust those who ought to be his friends is probably a still greater trial to him.

When the happy time comes for the Czar to be free from the anxieties caused by Nihilism, and for his mind to be seriously turned to domestic reforms, he will have to consider and deal with two subjects of primary importance. These are the institutions by which the local needs of his people are supposed to be met, and the distressed state of the peasantry. He will have a very difficult task before him. To create is easy in Russia, but to get creations to work is very hard. The scheme of local self-government decreed by the late Czar in 1864 was theoretically a very good scheme. There were created district assemblies in which nobles and peasants sat by election, and which were intended to manage the affairs of the district, to look after charitable institutions, to promote education, and to make roads. There were provincial assemblies composed of delegates from the district assemblies which were to do for the provinces what the minor assemblies were to do for the districts. On paper this reads as if an excellent beginning of representative institutions had been made, and the scheme was not altogether a failure. It failed; but it did not fail altogether, or from the outset. In many parts of the Empire it was never brought into operation, for there was a complete absence of competent persons to set the machinery going. In other parts there was much energy and enthusiasm displayed at first, and then, when the first excitement had passed away, apathy took the place of zeal. The peasants sent representatives to the district assemblies, but none of those sent could afford to go away from their homes and form part of the provincial assemblies. There was in the first years after the emancipation of the serfs a spirit of vague and unpractical but ardent Liberalism in a large portion of the nobility, and those who were imbued with those feelings caught eagerly at the chance of making their views felt in local assemblies. But they got tired of taking what seemed thankless trouble, and if they continued to attend, they attended more and more as a matter of routine. The Government strictly forbade anything like political discussion, and this made the proceedings seem tame and uninteresting. The ratepayers, too, complained that their rates were increased, and yet they never got the roads which ought to have been the great practical work of the assemblies. Local assemblies have, in fact, failed, because Russia has not as yet got men who know what local assemblies ought to do, and how what is resolved on ought to be carried out. What has happened already will probably happen again. Any new system of local self-government will fail as the old system has failed until there are men to be found to carry it out properly. With the spread of education, and with the development of material wealth, the right men will probably by degrees show themselves. But for this time, peace and a wise Government are needed, and the road to real local self-government lies, not through schemes for establishing it, but through the preparation of the ground on which it is to rest.

The condition of the peasantry is a more urgent subject for consideration than local self-government. There is no doubt great distress, and there is probably discontent among the peasantry. The Russian poor are very patient and deeply attached to the Czar; but arson is the familiar form of peasant discontent in Russia, and there has been too much burning going on recently, although not very lately, to leave it doubtful that there are at least the germs of discontent among the peasantry. But, if there is any doubt about the discontent, there is none about the distress. Last year there was in many parts a total failure of crops. This, although the most immediately powerful, is not the most serious, cause of suffering. The weather, it may be hoped, will change for the better in Russia, as in other parts of Europe in which we are more interested. What is serious is that there are permanent causes of distress, and that they are permanent is shown by the fact that, according to all accounts, the Russian peasant has in recent years been living on his capital, selling off his cattle, and parting with his little store of accumulated wealth. Among these permanent

causes of distress the following seem to be the most important. The burden of taxation, Imperial and local, is crushing, and Protection in the most exaggerated form adds to the cost of everything that is needed for the improvement of the country. All that the Government can do to mitigate this burden is to pursue a policy of peace, and to lower import duties whenever possible. Then the soil of a considerable portion of Russia is exhausted. It will not pay for the labour which is necessary to cultivate it, and it has only not gone out of cultivation because artificial means have been employed to chain the labourer to the soil. The serf has been emancipated from the authority of the nobles, but he has not been given the liberty of leaving the land which it does not pay him to cultivate. What the Government can do to help the labourer who is suffering from this cause is to promote migration from districts where the soil is bad and labour superabundant to other districts where the soil is good and labour scanty, and there are many districts of this kind in Russia. This sounds tolerably simple, but it involves great difficulties in its execution; for the whole scheme of emancipation was based on certain payments being made by way of compensation to the proprietors; and, if the communes do not pay what they are bound to do, some fresh means must be found to compensate the proprietors or to recon the Government, if it has found the money for buying up the rights of the proprietors. It is also to be feared that the distress of the peasants is in some degree attributable to a moral change produced by the emancipation itself. They were flushed with delusive hopes; they grew more lazy, and much more drunken. The Government has done all that it could to check this evil in the way of taxing liquor, and probably nothing very effectual can be done immediately to counteract the consequence of an abrupt change from an old state of things to a new. Lastly, the great agrarian change of emancipation has undergone the fate which seems to await all great agrarian changes. It did much good, but it also did much harm. In too many cases it put the peasant in a position in which he had really no chance of success. Sometimes it gave him a holding on which he might have lived had it not been that his holding was charged with the payment of sums which, except in very good years, the land would not enable him to meet. Sometimes it gave him the holding he occupied, but this holding was too small for him to live on it; he has had to go great distances to find other land that he could hire, and the curtailment of the operations of the great landowners has shut him out from selling his labour. To give peasants so circumstanced a fair chance is an aim worthy of the aspirations of the best intentioned Czar, but it would obviously involve a new agrarian change hardly less than that of the emancipation.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE Local Government Board have lately printed a very valuable return showing the results of the local visitations made by their Medical Inspectors for the last ten years. By the aid of this paper we can learn when the visitation was made, what were the sanitary defects which the Inspector found existing, and what had been done to remedy them up to the 1st of January, 1880. The point that first suggests itself in looking at this paper is the partial nature of the information contained in it. A separate column shows the ground on which the visitation was ordered. It is to the credit of the Local Government Board that in a great number of instances this ground was the REGISTRAR-GENERAL's return of the death-rate in the district. Very often it was the occurrence of some specific outbreak of disease. But in all cases the visitation was specially ordered. There has not since the establishment of the Local Government Board, or since the passing of Mr. STANFORD's Sanitary Act, which for the first time placed every district under the jurisdiction of a single sanitary authority, been any attempt at a systematic visitation of the whole country. When things have gone very wrong, and an extraordinary percentage of the population has died or fallen sick of a disease which is known to be caused by some sanitary defect, a medical Inspector has come down and investigated the conditions under which the inhabitants of that particular place are living. But he has done

nothing more. All round the infected spot there may be others, in which the causes of disease are equally abundant, though at that particular moment not equally fruitful. Bad air and bad water are always able to kill, but they do not always care to use their power. Inasmuch, however, as their action is perfectly known, there is not the slightest reason for waiting until an outbreak of disease or a startling rise in the death-rate proves them to be at work. If a hundred villages are in an equally bad position as regards water supply, it is only common prudence to take similar measures with regard to them, though the disease which commonly follows from the use of such water has as yet only followed in five or ten cases. What was wanted after the passing of the Sanitary Reform Act was a systematic inspection of the whole country. If this had been undertaken, the Local Government Board would have known, and Parliament would have known, exactly how the case stood; what sanitary evils there were to be remedied, and what measures would be required to remedy them. Whether this investigation had been undertaken by the Local Government Board or by the local authorities would not have greatly mattered. Had it been entrusted to the latter, the Local Government Board would have prescribed the forms to be used and dictated the questions to be answered; and, if the answers in any case had been very unexpected, the same authority would have tested them by means of its own Inspectors. It is conceivable that an obstructive local authority might have sent in a much too favourable account of the purity of the water in their district, but they would not have been likely to make a false statement of the source from which it was derived. They might, for example, have made such a return as this:—"Quality "of water—excellent; source of supply—surface wells." Upon receiving this exceedingly improbable statement, the Local Government Board would have accepted the fact as to the source of the supply, and have made an inquiry on its own account as to the quality of the water. After a few instances of this sort, the motive for painting facts too favourably would have disappeared, and we might have looked forward to getting a fairly accurate account of the sanitary condition of the whole country. Had this been obtained, the way would have been very much cleared for further sanitary legislation. As it is, it is always possible for those who dislike such legislation to persuade themselves and others that any particular case of sanitary mischief is only exceptional. As regards some large areas, the Report of the Medical Officer of Health makes it impossible to maintain this view. Dr. CHILLY's reports on the sanitary condition of Oxfordshire, for example, contained statements which must have occasionally pricked the conscience even of the most stolid local authority. But exceptions, even frequent exceptions, have not the same effect as a rule. If every county in England and Wales had been shown to be in at least as bad a condition as Oxfordshire, there would have been at least a chance of something being done.

Unfortunately a table printed across a folio page is not easy reading, and the money of the local Government would be well spent if they would put together the main facts of this return in a cheap and convenient form, and take steps to ensure its general distribution. A good many lingering delusions would thus be swept away. It could no longer be believed, for example, that all that local authorities want is enlightenment, and that when it has been brought home to them that this or that sanitary defect exists within their jurisdiction they will at once repair it. Unfortunately such a theory has no foundation in experience. Although every one of the visitations recorded in this return had its origin in actual disease, or in an abnormal mortality, there are many instances in which the mischiefs pointed out years ago as the cause of disease or death are as prevalent as ever. Thus at Chesham in Buckinghamshire the Inspector reported in 1871 that the water was polluted. In June 1879 it was still polluted, and in December 1879 a scheme for improving it was only "under consideration." In Goole, in Yorkshire, there was in 1871 "every kind of insanitary condition in its most aggravated form," and especially "bad water." In January 1880 the Report is as follows:—"There is no proper water supply, and many of the wells are polluted. The water question has recently been much discussed, and it seems probable that a private Company will be started to supply the town." At Perry Street, in Kent, in 1871 the wells were polluted, and there was no system of drainage or sewerage. In 1875 the mains of a neighbour-

ing water Company had been laid throughout the hamlet, but few householders had laid on the water. In 1876 there was still no drainage or sewerage provided, and, as a note is appended, stating that "the Medical Officer of Health is not appointed under the Board's orders, and no reports have been received since 1876," it may safely be assumed that none has been provided up to this time. At Abingdon, in 1872, the water supply was "mostly from surface wells in porous soil, soaked with excremental and other filth." In 1879 a scheme for supplying the town with water had been "approved by the Local Government Board." At Andover, in 1872, the water supply was pointed out as the principal cause of diphtheria, and in 1879 it was still "chiefly derived from shallow wells, near privy pits and cesspools." The continuance of this state of things is the less excusable because "about one-third of the town is supplied by a private Company obtaining water from a deep well in the chalk." At Bingham, in Nottinghamshire, in 1872, there was imperfect drainage and polluted water. In 1879 the drainage was "same as before," and in the water supply there were "no alterations." At Wellington, in 1872, the water was "liable to pollution," and in 1879 the supply was still "mostly derived from wells exposed to pollution." Still, something had been done. A scheme for providing waterworks had been projected and abandoned.

We have taken our examples entirely from the first two years comprised in the return, lest it should be said that a sufficient interval had not been allowed for the representations of the Medical Inspectors to bear fruit. If they had been extended to the subsequent years, the record would have been still less satisfactory. It is quite true that in many of the places visited there has been a real improvement—the fact being, of course, that where a sanitary authority chooses to mend its ways it has no difficulty in finding a place for repentance. But the point which is most impressed on the reader by the statements in the return is the powerlessness of the Local Government Board to do anything with a sanitary authority which does not choose to mend its ways. Against such there is no law.

OLD ENGLISH CHURCH WINDOWS.

IN *Much Ado about Nothing* we find how the imagery of Bell's priests in the old church window caught the attention of the cunning Borachio, who, it may be inferred, was no student of painted glass in general, though he could yet feel a sympathetic interest in a body of men who could be as deceitful to their kingly benefactor as he himself was to the Prince of Arragon. But, apart from Borachio, we can imagine an antiquary who might as fully devote himself to the study of church windows as did *Old Mortality* to sepulchral inscriptions, and we could rather envy the man who had means and opportunity to travel from church to church—now in some venerable city, now on the green banks of a flowing stream—to observe the manifold devices of tracery, and to study such illuminated panes as the ecclesiastical revolutions of the past have spared. Though every book is not a great action, every great action, we are assured by Luther, is a book, which he who understands may read. Whether the arch reformer would have considered a mediæval minster a great action we are not sure; but a whole volume of thought is unfolded by such a building, which is one of the greatest intellectual achievements of the dark ages. The stained windows are the illustrations of this fine volume, and the study of them is in a special way an art education. Between the rudeness of the lights of the Saxon chapel at Bradford-upon-Avon, and the glorious eastern window of Carlisle, with its powerful colouring, there is a wide field of art management. But a sincere and earnest purpose pervaded the successive modes of treatment. The wild play of fancy that expressed itself in the queer sculptures of miserables, gargoyles, and corbels found no place in the windows, which were constructed with regularity and beauty; the panes illustrated the religious instruction of the priest, while the iridescent illumination from the pictured figures of prophets, saints, and martyrs was but a symbol of the enlightenment imparted by their spiritual presence. The Saxon window was for utility, not ornament, while the traceried light was not more for utility than for the perfection of the whole design of the building it served. Even in so-called classical architecture, as exemplified by St. Paul's Cathedral, the windows, if unglazed, would be mere cavernous holes, and are never, as separate features, worthy of study. They are, in fact, only indispensable apertures, so arranged as to impair in as slight a degree as possible the complete effect of the building they illuminate. But the windows of a Gothic church, instead of being a necessary impertinence, are the living principle of the whole composition; and the very life of the building may be said to throb through the veinlike ramifications of tracery. The poorest Gothic church is dignified when pierced with good windows, and the finest church loses its distinction by having mean and impoverished

lights. Even when bare of glass, a traceried window like the western light of Tintern is as full of artistic meaning as a leafless tree with its feathering branches framed in a clear blue sky; but, when flush with colour and glowing with imagery, it is as graceful as the same tree with all its leafy honours thick about it.

Of Solomon's Temple we are told that he "made windows of narrow lights," and of his Palace in Lebanon that "there were windows in three rows and light was against light in three ranks." The Temple and Palace windows, with the doors, were square headed, and therefore we may assume inferior in beauty to the triple stories of some English cathedrals, such as Ely or Peterborough. The tradition of narrow windows was long maintained in Western as well as in Eastern architecture; and in the Saxon and Early Norman church we find contracted openings, much like the loopholes or arrow-slits of a castle; and they might have served the same purpose in days when a church happened to be the only fortress against a sudden attack. The Saxon window was splayed within and without, the narrowest part being towards the centre. The poor attempt at ornamentation by annular mouldings on the dividing pillar of a double arch was dismissed in the succeeding style, the more advanced Romanesque window being sufficiently enriched with zigzag, chevron, or other ornament on its margin. The simple lancet aperture continues to remind us of the narrow lights of the contemporary fortress, but the maturely-developed thirteenth-century combination of lights expanding within to a single widely splayed opening suggests rather the bay window of the old English manorial hall. The famous "Five Sisters" in the northern transept of York Cathedral, with their original Early English diapered glass, are doubtless the grandest example we possess of the pure lancet style; and, viewed in connexion with the unrivalled lantern of the great central tower, they are a piece of architecture that not only York, but all England, may be proud of. Dickens's admiration of them was manifested by his "Tale of the Five Sisters of York" in *Nicholas Nickleby*, but he has placed their origin at the earlier part of the sixteenth century instead of towards the middle of the thirteenth. The eastern end of the chapter-house of Oxford Cathedral can be cited as a noble specimen of the later style of lancet, where the entire inside bay is filled by an arcade of graduated arches, three of which are pierced, the arches resting on slender clustered shafts with foliated capitals. Though York Cathedral suffered from the incendiarism of Martin, the lunatic, the worse visitation of a Wyatt had been spared. That wretched architect's operations at Salisbury Cathedral were at the time pronounced "tasteful, effective, and judicious"; but it was owing to him that the many-hued splendour that once poured through the thirteenth-century windows of Sarum, and damasked the floor like a garden of summer flowers, is now exchanged for a monotonous glare of light that distresses the eye, not only by the sense of what is lost in pictorial charm, but by the exhibition it affords of the other senseless innovations of the same hand. That a bishop and an architect could, so late as the year 1788, step down to the level of an ignorant glazier, and join with him in literally pounding to pieces the saintly windows of one of the most perfect churches in Christendom, and casting them, as is said, by barrow-loads into the town ditch, would seem incredible; but there exists a letter from the glazier himself that shows how unlimited was the havoc and confiscation. This letter was written on 10th June, 1788, by John Berry, glazier, of Harnham, to John Lloyd, Esq., of Conduit Street, Hanover Square, London, who had at least more taste than Bishop Barrington, for he cared to possess the mediæval glass which the prelate thought only worthy of a ditch. "Sir,—This day I have sent you a Box full of old Stained and Painted Glass as you desired me to due with I hope it will suit your Purpos it his the best that I can get at Present. But I expt to Beatt to Peceais a great deale very sune as it his of now use to we and we Due it for the lead if you want eney more of the same sorts you may have what theare his, if it will pay for Taking out, as it his a Deal of Truble to what Beating it to Peceais his you will send me a line as sune as Posobl for we are goain to move ore glasing shop to a Nother Plase and thin we to save a greate Deale more of the like sort with I ham your most Omble Servnt John Berry." The original of this elegant letter, endorsed "Berry ye Glazier about beating the fine painted Glass Window at Sarum to pieces to save the Lead," is still extant, and was lately printed in the *Proceedings of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society*. The lancet windows of Salisbury and Ripon are as severe and stately as the figures of the warriors and priests on the altar-tombs they look down upon, but the sameness of outline and detail, after fifty years' repetition, began to pall upon the designer, and, by a natural transition, led on to the so-called geometrical style, which endured for the next half-century, or from A.D. 1250 to 1300. Though the diagrams of the Book of Euclid are exemplified rather than their properties, the mathematical relations of tangential circles and spherical triangles are hardly more interesting than the artistic devices which we find in windows of the geometrical period. In this style are the lights of Lincoln Cathedral; and the author of the metrical Latin Life of St. Hugh is justly proud of the storied pomp of the figured panes he describes. The east window is the largest to be found of its class, and consists of one grand pointed arch, having a large circle in the head which touches two smaller subordinate circles, the whole of the tracery being formed of a concentric repetition of circles relieved on their inner rims with leafage. The two windows in the transept are, according to the biographer of St. Hugh just cited, the two eyes of the church, and signify the

bishop and the dean; the bishop looks towards the south, as inviting the coming of the Holy Spirit for man's salvation; and the dean towards the north, as being the region of the Prince of the Air, to ward off his advances. That in the north transept, with its wheels within wheels, and rings full of eyes, reminds us of the mystic vision of Ezekiel, from which perhaps the idea of its design was taken; the throne encompassed by a rainbow, and the likeness of a man upon it, being here reproduced with the Christian accessories of the saints in conflict below and in triumph above. The tracery of the circular window in the south transept, which encloses two pointed ovals with their spandrels, has been compared by Pugin to the fibres of a leaf, and by Mr. Freeman to the branches of a tree without its trunk; but the tracery appears to us to resemble two sprays of a vine, and for beauty of execution is worthy to be compared with the natural growth. The windows of Exeter Cathedral are said to exhibit a greater variety of geometrical tracery than any other building in the kingdom, and would as much puzzle to describe as to reinvent. Circles, spherical triangles, and simple curves are combined with every grace but that which is conveyed by the flowing lines of the succeeding period. No two windows are alike side by side, but they correspond in opposite pairs, and show what fertile invention was expended in what was considered the very soul of the edifice. The great west window, with the expansive rose that fills its pointed arch, is a fitting crown-piece to the external screen, with its storied ranks of kings, warriors, saints, and apostles.

The Five Sisters of York Minster might alone give character to that vast pile; but its "walls of glass" pass from the lancet to the geometrical form, and thence to the most perfect patterns of flowing and perpendicular tracery. Those who argue that the fourteenth-century period of construction was the culmination of beauty in Gothic tracery can hardly need a more exquisite example than the great decorated window of the western façade of York. It is inferred to have been the work of Archbishop Melton, who is expressly said to have given, A.D. 1330, the painted glass. No stone of the original tracery remains, the windows having been some years since restored; but, so exact is the reproduction, that could the spirit of ancient work be conveyed into fresh design as truly as in this imitation, we might almost believe in the transmigration of the soul of the old architect into the new, which is at present a difficult belief. Each feature of the geometrical window in the aisles of the nave is a complete figure of itself, but in the flame-like wavings of the tracery of the western light each part is as necessary to the whole design as each leaf is to a flower. Consistently with its period of art the monials are filled with canopied images of archbishops and saints, which are finished with the delicacy of oil-painting. The only window in England that can be brought into rivalry with this one is the east window of Carlisle Cathedral, which is nearly of the same date and character. The latter is the larger of the two, and has been pronounced by Mr. Fergusson to be "without exception the most beautiful design for window tracery in the world." Every critic does not agree with Mr. Fergusson in giving Carlisle the preference, but the difference is rather of opinion than of fact. Here we may remark that York is the museum of England for stained glass. Some of the earliest colour glazing in the country is a portion of a Jesse in the second window from the west, on the north side of the clerestory of the Cathedral nave. The date is pronounced by Mr. Winston to be about 1200, and much earlier than the Early English glass of Canterbury Cathedral. The great eastern window is two centuries later (A.D. 1404), the artist being allowed three years for the fulfilment of his contract to glaze its lights. He did his work with loving care, and the poetic grace of his figures, with their distinctions of light, shade, and colour, are worthy of the superb reticulation of stonework in which they are shrined. The window is 78 feet by 33, and is the largest in England. It would have been somewhat excelled by the east window of Gloucester, only that the latter is unglazed in its lower compartment. Almost as notable as the minster for stained glass are some of the parish churches of York. That these should have escaped the passions of the Reformation and of the Rebellion is as surprising as the saving of the windows of the minster through two successive conflagrations. The church of All Saints has in the north aisle a representation of the Last Judgment, such as might have inspired the first of the three terrible Advent sermons of Jeremy Taylor. The fifteen days of prodigy before that supreme event, as related by St. Jerome "out of the Jews' books," and retold by the eloquent divine, are here as thrillingly depicted as in his language, and it might be interesting to compare on the spot the discourse with the mediæval artist's presentation, where the rising and sinking of the ocean, the gathering together of monsters and men, the rivers of fire, the falling stars, the earthquakes and rending rocks, the trees distilling blood, the fall of castles and towers, the birds that mourn and change their songs into threnes and sad accents, the opening graves and the rush of the reviving dead into the caverns of the earth, the final vision of the flaming world and of demons conveying the wicked to their place and of angels carrying the righteous to Abraham's bosom, are scenes in the theatre of mighty horrors.

A milder, but no less favourite, subject was the Jesse window, of which that of St. Michael's, Spurriergate, York, was once a fine example. Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, is remarkable that Jesse's figure is carved in stone, and the branches of the tree that springs up from his loins are formed out of the stonework of the lights.

[April 2, 1881.]

The Jesse in the splendid east window of Bristol Cathedral is framed in tracery whose symbolical character is expressive of the mystery of the Holy Trinity, to whom the church is dedicated. This is evident from each group of the vertical and radiating lines resolving into triple compartments.

The famous windows of Fairford, in Gloucestershire, have been worthily reproduced in coloured plates by the Arundel Society. They are a gallery of religious glass-painting, and the Rev. J. G. Joyce, the late Rector of Stratfield Saye, has eloquently expounded the artist's treatment of his subjects. He has shown how a church was a school of scriptural instruction as well as of religious art, being literally an open Bible where the unlettered might read in the shining windows with their undulations of coloured radiance the circumstances of prophetic and fulfilled sacred history. The chancel of Fairford, with its apsidal chapels, was devoted to the great events of the Incarnation from the Annunciation to the Descent on the day of Pentecost, the central subject being, of course, the sacrifice on Calvary; while, at the opposite end of the building, the triumphant return of the Victim Victor, with his Principalities and Powers, is portrayed with fearful energy. The side aisles are lighted by Creed windows, which are thus explained. It is said that before separating after their final commission, each of the Twelve contributed one saying of the Apostle's Creed, so that the whole being combined, the common rule and standard of the faith was formed. This medieval belief was unfolded in the series of windows on one side of Fairford Church, while in opposite correspondence are the twelve prophets who had anticipated the symbolism of the same Creed. Thus St. Peter says *Credo in Deum Patrem omnipotentem Creatorem celi et terra*. To this the prophet Jeremiah in the opposite panes is made to have said in the far-off ages *Patrem invocabitis qui fecit et condidit celos*. Andrew—*Et in Iehm Cristum, filium ejus unicum dominum nostrum. David—Dns dixit, En filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui*; and so with the remaining ten apostles and prophets with their sayings. The church of St. Neot in Cornwall, with its wonderful illumination, has given as much celebrity to that saint as even his own miracles which they illustrate, and we are sorry to be obliged to dismiss it with this passing notice, and numerous others with no mention at all. Glass-painting attained its highest excellence in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, and the east window of Winchester contains perpendicular glass, the work of Bishop Fox (1525), as nearly perfect, says Winston, as can be. "In it the shadows have attained their proper limit."

We may as reasonably rejoice that so much stained glass has been saved as sorrow that so much has been destroyed. When it is considered that by the injunction of Edward VI. and Elizabeth all "idolatrous images"—a very inclusive term—in windows were to be obliterated; and that in the days of the rebellion Parliamentary visitors like Dowsing, who in his first day's work "broke down" at St. Gregory's, Suffolk, "ten mighty angels in glass, in all eighty," were followed by the occupation of the pulpits by the Puritan ministers to whom "tinted panes of oriel sanctity" were relics of Babylon, we may be surprised that so much has endured to a day when painted windows even in dissenting chapels are thought no more idolatrous than the pictures in the Interpreter's House of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Let us hope that they have seen their day of visitation even from the injudicious restorer.

POLITICO-TRAGICO-COMEDIA.

WE do not pretend to know whether Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Hartington are adepts in the noble game of *whist*. Such ignorance is perhaps in these days something to be ashamed of, but if we did know we should not communicate the information to our readers. But all persons who have ever felt the delight of battle in that pastime must have been struck with the remarkable resemblance of a manoeuvre executed on last Thursday and Friday night by the honourable baronet and the noble lord, to one which constantly occurs under eight eyes and on a board of green cloth. The enemy leads a commanding card, and second in hand instantly dashes down a trump on it; third, despite his traditional function of being master of the situation, is powerless, and the chaps of him and of his partner fall. But fourth is an old hand and knows his partner's ways, "having no spades?" he says, in the insinuating tone which is necessary to obviate virtuous indignation. And it sometimes happens that Number One has some spades, and that the cards have to be taken back *non sine ignominia*. So on Thursday night did Sir Charles Dilke dash Mr. Stanhope to the ground with the round assertion that "he was able to make a statement" to the effect that the Russians were going to stop General Skobelev, to cease their operations, to retire, for aught we know, to Kief or Novgorod. Naturally this produced a great effect. It was no use for the Opposition to urge the danger of Russian advance in the face of the certainty of Russian retreat, and their best card had to remain in their hands. But Lord Hartington on Friday was fourth hand, and his words practically amounted to the insinuation that, after all, his partner probably had a spade and had better have produced it. He "did not think his right honourable friend attached much importance to the statement." It was only a dropped card, in fact, not one regularly played, and the penalties of a revoke (should it turn out to be one, for the game is not quite over yet and the players may search the

tricks) were sought to be minimized by Lord Hartington, a prudent man skilled in sports and pastimes, and than whom we can imagine a much worse partner to venture with against the long odds. Only should not Secretaries or Under-Secretaries of State be a little more careful of their words, and would it not be well to state that their information is from a mere "independent source" when they announce it? There have been what players who maintain that, great as are the penalties of a revoke, a skilled and unscrupulous person will sometimes find his account in it. But with a majority of a hundred, or is it two or three hundred, ready to swear "in a general way anything," like Mr. Jaggers's witness, surely Sir Charles might have waited a little. We all hope that the news is true, but for the purposes of the *Candahar* debate it would have been as well that it should be known to be so.

This was perhaps the pleasantest incident of that particular discussion, except perhaps the remarkably bad verses with which the debate inspired the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Pall Mall* used to write better poetry when it was Jingo, doubtless on the celebrated principle of Waller. But even in the Transvaal business, intolerable as it has been, the blessed faculty of seeing the ludicrous side of things has been able to apply its usual salve, if that salve be in this case only a palliative. Accurate observers have for some time known that President Brand of the Orange Free State was a man of humour; long ago, in his dealings with Lord Carnarvon and with Mr. Froude, he showed signs of this. But his Excellency, or his Honour, or whatever is the title appropriate to the chief men among the people who, by the grace of Mr. Gladstone, are shortly to be masters of South Africa—at least, so says the President—has recently surpassed himself. He is free to confess that the Transvaal compromise is, in his opinion, one of the noblest acts in English history. "Oh, sir," said Mr. Sludge, the medium, in Mr. Browning's poem,

Oh, yours, sir, is an angel's part. I know
What prejudice must be, what the common course
Men take to soothe their ruffled self-conceit.
Only you rise superior to it all.

That is exactly Mr. Brand's language, and, though we apologize for the unsavoury comparison, it is undeniable that both Mr. Sludge and Mr. Brand answer to the title of medium. Mr. Sludge was a medium between his patron and that patron's sainted mother, Mr. Brand between Mr. Gladstone's Government and the Boers. The common course of Governments would have been what it is now useless to speak of; the course adopted by Mr. Gladstone and his Government we know. It is not surprising that Mr. Brand sees in it an angel's part, and regards it as superior. There is a frankness, too, about the President which is suggestive of his prototype in his better moods. Shortly after making this remark about the nobility of England's conduct, Mr. Brand confessed, at least the *Standard Correspondent* says so, that "a South African Republic is only a question of time." Of a very short time, some people may think, but this is a lapse from the proper point of view. That is one of enjoyment of Mr. Brand's enjoyment of the noble attitude of England. Could not Mr. Leland give us a Breitmann ballad on the subject? He is fortunately free from the awkwardness which an English bard would feel, and the matter is really worthy of him—as the incident is of the great Hans himself. Indeed, it seems more than probable that Hans was at Laing's Nek, having probably taken some other name out of modesty.

From Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Hartington playing political whist with a great deal of skill, and thumping hands to boot—from President Brand descanting on the nobility displayed in the patient acceptance of kicks and the prompt disbursement of halfpence in payment therefor to the kicker—the spectator of the political tragic-comedy can turn to the coming bliss of the British soldier. Very tender are our present rulers of the British soldier. They would not waste his blood either in battle (except just so as to give a zest to peace by a preliminary defeat or two), still less would they waste it on the triangles. It is expedient, we are told, to do something to raise the moral tone of the British soldier, and, indeed, after the Ingogo and Majuba, it may be imagined that that good fellow, against whom far be it from us to say one word, may feel somewhat depressed in tone, moral and other. The requisite stimulant is supplied by the abolition of flogging. An idle epigrammatist may say that it is only equitable in the Government, after allowing the soldier to be beaten by his enemies, to prohibit his being beaten by his friends. This would be too much of a good thing, and the natural justice of a Government which is nothing if not just may well revolt at it. Again, if backs are to be exposed, it may be as well that they should not be scarred out of regard to the becoming. These arguments, however, can only find favour with malevolent persons eager for foolhardy jest. For it is the Government, and not the soldier, who have in reality run away, and there is no question of inflicting the much-discussed penalty upon them. The reason, therefore, can be only what it is pretended to be, the desire to raise the soldier in his own and his comrade's eyes. We all know how this is to be effected by putting in irons, by tying up at the cart's tail, &c. Humane Radicals suggest that it would be better still to make the delinquents perform the lower and menial duties of the camp. There are ludicrous sides enough to tying-up, which is practically the punishment inflicted on that tremendous malefactor, a young foal whose mother is in the shafts. But to the amateur of this form of tragic-comedy, the richest part of the jest is to be found in the fact that the whole, or almost the whole, sting of all these punishments, sug-

gested unofficially or officially proposed, is to be found in disgrace. The suffering of even the worst of them would be *nil*, the mere inconvenience not great. So there is nothing but the point of honour to look to. Yet, if we mistake not, it is the disgrace of flogging which is the very argument used against it by its sapient and logical opponents. The ideal Radical soldier, therefore, is only to be spared disgrace when it happens to be accompanied by pain. It is to this, it would seem, that he objects, or rather (for let it be again and again repeated that the soldier has nothing to do with his would-be champions) is supposed to object. Fresh disgraces, too, are to be created for him. Time was when menial and disagreeable work was looked upon by soldiers—and officers, too, for that matter—as a thing in no way disgraceful, a thing to be avoided if possible, but, if need would have it, to be done with as good a will as the most theoretically honourable duty. All this is to be altered, and a stigma put on necessary labour, which at times the best men might have to perform, that so a Radical fad about corporal punishment may be gratified. So the political theatre-goer passes laughing, but, if he be wise, laughing somewhat on the wrong side of his mouth, as he sees the welfare of his country and the experience of centuries made of no account to serve the ends of demagogues.

Sursum corda, however—a motto most excellent for all conditions of life, including the consideration of tragi-comedies, political and other. Just at the present moment the remembrance of it may be said to be especially necessary. The element of comedy almost disappears, leaving nothing but the grimdest of irony in its place, when we come to the dying dispatch of the unfortunate Colonel Anstruther. "His men," he says, "consoled themselves for the surrender with the thought that the tables would be turned before long." It is to be hoped that they are undeviated by this time, and are duly admonished of the impolicy of counting without such a host as Mr. Gladstone. After all, another stroke of the same irony may possibly give them their revenge, and in that case the tragi-comedy would be complete. The probability of further disturbances in the Transvaal is a question on which we have not to decide here; but it seems to be at least great enough to make the crowning of the climax quite possible. If Sir Frederick Roberts, after being sent home immediately on his arrival in that very comfortable mail steamer, should find at St. Helena or at Madeira a telegram stating that the Transvaal is in flame again, and that he must retrace his steps, it would be melancholy, but not wonderful. The gallant General, condemned to the fate of Vanderdecken in the same identical waters, might justly complain. But, on the whole, it seems better to be an officer of Mr. Gladstone's out of reach of the enemy than within reach of them. Idleness is bad for a soldier; and the Marquis Spinola agreed with Sir Horace Vere (great captains both) that it was enough to kill any general. But idleness is, after all, preferable to humiliation; and, despite Sir Evelyn Wood's friendly suggestion that "Roberts" should get acquainted with the Boers as he himself has done, we are inclined to hope that Roberts will do no such thing. These, however, are high matters, and somewhat out of the beat of the mere watcher for the lighter and pleasanter sides of transactions in themselves ugly and dark enough. Perhaps some day the tables may be turned in a fuller and happier sense than even that in which the unlucky Ninety-fourth used the phrase. Meanwhile, there is nothing to do but to bear it, and, where it is possible, to lighten the bearing with a not indecent grin.

FIRE IN THEATRES.

If the reports which have appeared in some French papers are true, the terrible catastrophe at Nice was due to a happy combination of carelessness and of official obstinacy. It is said that the gas-pipes of the theatre had been for some time in bad condition, and were so ill looked after that when an explosion took place a little time ago they were repaired with cement only. A smell of gas was noticed on the morning of the 24th, and it is stated that the director applied to the authorities for leave to postpone the performance until an examination of the tubes had been made, but that he was told that the opera which he had advertised must be given. A manager who closes his doors necessarily loses a considerable sum of money, and, at first sight, it seems hard to believe that even small French officials can have failed to see that there were probably excellent reasons for a request which was contrary to the interest of the person who made it; but small French officials have very peculiar views, and are capable of wonderful acts of petty despotism. In all probability the theatre belonged to the municipality, and the manager was aided from the municipal funds. It may have been thought derogatory to the dignity of the rulers of Nice that a performance partly under their direction, and given at a theatre belonging to them, should be postponed, after it had once been announced, and in comparison with such a consideration as this the possibility of a hideous catastrophe may have appeared a trifling matter. It is much to be hoped that there was no such combination of negligence and perversity; but, if the report which has appeared in the Paris papers is shown to be true, an example should certainly be made of the officials who insisted on a theatre being opened after they had been warned that those who entered it would very possibly be burnt to death.

The catastrophe, whether due to mere carelessness or to wanton

disregard of danger, is certainly one of the most hideous on record. The loss of life, it is true, was not nearly so great as that which was caused by the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre; but it is certain that a large number of people must have perished by the most terrible death imaginable. From the numerous accounts which have appeared a clear idea of what happened may be obtained. The gas, which had been escaping all day, collected at some height above the stage, and shortly after the upper gas jets were lighted an explosion occurred. Parts of the scenery caught fire, and the flames spread with terrible rapidity. The explosion shattered the gas-meter, and all the passages of the theatre became pitch dark, though the house itself was lighted by the constantly increasing flame. Fortunately the boxes of the grand tier and the stalls were nearly empty, as the fire burst out before the time fixed for the rise of the curtain, and therefore before the time when those who paid for expensive places would think of arriving; but poorer people had come in considerable numbers to the pit and gallery, and it is to be feared that many of the occupants of the latter must have perished. It is supposed that most of those who were in the pit escaped, but with regard to this point the accounts of the accident are not altogether clear, and very possibly the loss of life has been understated. As to the fate of the luckless artisans who had gone to the gallery for an evening's amusement, there can, unhappily, be no doubt. There was only one door out of the gallery, and this led to what is described as a narrow corkscrew staircase. At the first rush, those who got soonest to the door were thrown to the bottom and killed by the fall. They were almost fortunate, compared with the rest, some of whom were suffocated, and some burnt to death. Of the few people who had gathered in the boxes, some escaped, but others were burnt, and amongst those who were employed on the stage there was probably considerable loss of life, but the information given on this point has been incomplete. The prima donna escaped, but as to the death of the basso there can be no doubt, and his fate seems specially pitiable, inasmuch as in a fire at Rouen he had been obliged to jump from a window to save his life, and had sustained terrible injuries. Of the horrible state in which the bodies of those who had perished were found it is unnecessary to speak. It is said that in many cases they were so charred that identification was impossible.

The fate of the unfortunate people who were thus consumed by the flame necessarily suggests a question which has often been put before and never satisfactorily answered, though often answered with infinite assurance. To what extent can such a catastrophe be considered probable in London? Are there not many metropolitan theatres from which the whole of the audience could scarcely escape in the event of a fire, and might not fire, or even the alarm of fire at some places, cause hideous disaster? It may, no doubt, be urged that a London theatre would not burn so rapidly as the Nice Opera House did, inasmuch as the fittings of the latter were of a peculiarly inflammable kind. The scenery, it is said, was paper, and not canvas, and the woodwork was exceptionally light. With such materials the flame must doubtless have spread very rapidly; but, then, it must be remembered that the theatre was only half full, and, owing to this, egress must have been for a portion of the audience comparatively easy. The fact that the burning of the theatre at Nice was exceptionally rapid is balanced by the fact that the house was half empty, and it cannot therefore be fairly argued that the disaster should cause no apprehension with regard to London theatres. From some of these doubtless the entire audience could escape without more accidents than must inevitably follow the rush of a panic-stricken mob. With regard to others great doubt must be felt. No one who goes to theatres can have failed to notice the very long time which is often required to get from the seats to the outer door; and indeed so notorious is this that many people, in order to avoid the delay, try to slip away just before the fall of the curtain. This practice has become so general that managers occasionally appeal to the spectators not to leave their places before the conclusion of the performance. If, then, such a long time is occupied in going out when there is not the slightest excitement, when everybody is perfectly calm and self-possessed, what is likely to happen when there is a rush for the doors, and when a number of people beside themselves with terror are striving madly to get away? Can it be doubted that the narrow passages and exits which so delay a crowd under the most favourable circumstances would become blocked? that a great many men and women would be suffocated and a great many more burnt to death? We do not desire to take on ourselves the invidious task of pointing out what playhouses are to be considered as specially dangerous, but there are some names which must suggest themselves to those who habitually frequent the London theatres.

The possibility of great loss of life from fire in a metropolitan theatre has, it is true, been boldly denied, and recently Mr. Hollingshead has come forward to say that there is no reason for apprehension. In the *Daily News* of Monday last is a letter from him, in which he states that he does not believe that such a calamity as happened at Nice is, "in our theatres, within the range of probability." In support of this opinion he says that, though many theatres have been burnt down, the burning has not been in what are called "business hours," that is, when many people are about to render assistance; and he then refers to the results of careful inquiries respecting the deaths caused by fires in theatres which he published some time since. "It appeared," he says, "that, taking not London merely, but the whole

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of England, only one actual death from fire in a theatre was recorded during the preceding fifty years. This was the case of Eliza Twitchell, a dresser in the employment of the equestrian Ducrow, and even this person might have escaped if she had not rashly gone back to fetch some little articles, and thus lost her way and been suffocated." "Since then poor Mr. Egerton lost his life in trying to save Mr. Gunn's theatre in Dublin, but he had assuredly time to escape if he had chosen." Mr. Hollingshead has doubtless taken great pains with the researches which gave this result, as surprising as it is gratifying; but the subject is an extremely difficult one, and it is impossible not to feel some little doubt as to the facts which he sets forth. During the last fifty years eighteen theatres have been destroyed by fire in England, and it is strange indeed if all these conflagrations have only caused two deaths. Moreover, in dealing with this question, the loss of life which may be caused by an alarm of fire when the means of egress are insufficient must be taken into consideration. Even if Mr. Hollingshead is right, and if there has been extraordinary immunity in England, owing to the fact that there have never been serious fires in theatres during the time of performance, it still remains only too clear that such fires may occur, and that terrible disaster may be the result. The burning of the Carlisle Theatre in 1874 caused the loss of 304 lives. The burning of the Brooklyn Theatre in 1876 caused the loss of 300 lives, and now about one hundred persons have been suffocated or burnt to death during the destruction of the Nice Opera House. Owing to wonderful good fortune, no similar calamity has hitherto occurred in this country; but it would be very hasty to assume that such a disaster is impossible, or even highly improbable. That very eminent authority, Captain Shaw, is clearly of opinion that this is no improbable calamity, as he has written a pamphlet to show how great are the risks of loss of life from fires at theatres during the time of performance, and how they might be lessened. The Metropolitan Board of Works came to a similar conclusion, and their view was accepted by the Committee of the House of Commons who reported on the Bill brought in by the Board, which has since passed into law. That the risk which they sought to diminish was, and is, a real one, can scarcely be seriously disputed by any one who looks impartially at the question. As we have in a former article pointed out, the Lord Chamberlain's officials failed signally in their duty, and up to a recent date allowed theatres to be opened, in the construction of which the danger to the audiences from fire or from the effects of a panic was utterly disregarded. Twice within five years has a hideous calamity been caused by a fire in a house full of spectators, and it can hardly be doubted that in some London theatres a similar calamity might occur any night. Probably, however, the second warning will be disregarded as the first was, and in all likelihood we shall, after our usual fashion, wait until disaster comes, and then cry out for measures of prevention.

THE RECENT LIBEL CASE.

THE non-agreement of the jury empanelled to try Mr. Labouchère for libel brought to a lame and impotent conclusion a case which, verging on the ridiculous in its origin, at one period well nigh attained to the sublime by virtue of its accessories and the halo of importance cast about it. It occupied the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury for more than a week, it was dignified with a verbatim report in most of the papers, it necessitated the attendance of the Prime Minister as a witness, and involved the consideration of the respective policies of Conservative and Liberal Governments with regard to matters of the highest moment at home and abroad. Incidental subjects of interest abounded; the morality of duelling, the Eastern question, the Christian religion, baby-farming, the parentage of Ulysses, European geography, and the circulation of the *Daily Telegraph*. But what was the foundation of this gigantic superstructure, what the mouse that brought forth this mountain? A mere journalistic squabble; the proprietor or editor of a weekly paper calling the proprietor or editor of a daily paper "a disgrace to journalism." The only point of real importance in the case—a difficult question of the law of libel—arose at a very early stage of the proceedings, and was treated of by us at the time, being utterly independent of the merits of the case. We do not wish to be disrespectful to either of the parties concerned, but the perusal of the facts of the case irresistibly brings to mind the opening sentence of Charles Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*, to the effect that "the kettle began it." Sir Hardinge Giffard placed the beginning of hostilities as far back as 1877, when Mr. Labouchère is alleged to have written in disparaging terms of Mr. Lawson and his family. Coming to more recent dates, September 1879 found Mr. Labouchère inditing what he considered, or professed to consider, a kindly obituary notice of a near relative of Mr. Lawson's. It may be that Mr. Labouchère was actuated by the kindest of motives, and that the tender mercies of the "Society" journalist are unavoidably and unwittingly cruel; but Lord Coleridge said he should not like to see such a notice written of any one he cared for; and, without going further into the matter, we are disposed to agree with Lord Coleridge. So did Mr. Lawson. Arming himself with his uncle's stick, or the stick of his uncle, a phrase continually occurring throughout the trial, which had a curious smack of the *Grande Duchesse* and Ollendorff's Grammar combined, Mr. Lawson lay around, as Americans would say, for Mr. Labou-

chère in the neighbourhood of the Beefsteak Club, and essayed to chastise him. But, as Johnny Eames found out long ago, it is not an easy matter to horsewhip an enemy with dignity and success, and accounts varied considerably as to the amount of damage inflicted on Mr. Labouchère, and the exact part taken by "my uncle's stick, or the stick of my uncle," in the transaction.

There may not improbably have been a rough-and-tumble sort of fight, the result being very similar to that of the battle of Sheriffmuir, or of those Thucydidean engagements where each side complacently erected a trophy. Mr. Labouchère, whether thrashed or not, felt himself insulted, and he adopted a course not very usual nowadays, namely, that of sending a challenge to Mr. Lawson, on receiving which Mr. Lawson sought the advice of divers friends as to the manner in which he should act. We have no wish whatever to impugn Mr. Lawson's courage, but his conduct gave rise to the insinuation that he, after a fashion common to mankind, was seeking rather to obtain an opinion confirming him in a predetermined course than advice to enable him to shape one. He applied first to Mr. Montagu Williams, a soldier first and a lawyer afterwards—who counselled fight; then to Colonel Sturt—who counselled fight; then to General Hutchinson—who counselled fight. To a rash and inconsiderate person, thirsting for his enemy's blood, such unanimous crying havoc might have been sufficient; but Mr. Lawson, remembering, perhaps, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, turned from the men of blood, and betook him to Mr. Edwin Arnold; nay, further, according to his own account on one occasion, he, though in the converse position of the British warrior queen, so far as any smarting from rods was concerned, sought counsel of his country's, or rather his household, gods. The poet, mindful of the example of his beloved Buddha, counselled a "great renunciation" on Mr. Lawson's part—to wit, that he should abstain from fighting, and, as Lord Coleridge pointed out, it was not likely that the ladies of Mr. Lawson's family would differ from this advice. So Mr. Lawson wrote to Mr. Labouchère that, in the words of a now well-nigh forgotten, but once popular, lyric, he did not want to fight, and he did not.

The discussion on the morality of duelling induced by this episode was curious. Whenever this subject crops up in a court of law, counsel and judge, fortified possibly by Bentham's theoretical approval of the system, affect that, while as lawyers they regard duelling as murder committed or attempted, yet as men they look upon it as a mere *malum prohibitum*, a sort of laudable practice, temporarily interfered with by the solicitude of a paternal government. In the very place where he might be tried for his life if he did fight a duel, a man stands at a considerable disadvantage if he has declined to fight one.

This tone was peculiarly marked in the late abortive trial. Mr. Montagu Williams and other witnesses had no reticence as to their having advised Mr. Lawson to fight; one witness almost challenged Mr. Labouchère in Court; Mr. Labouchère himself seemed to feel that his having sent a challenge to Mr. Lawson was a strong card in his favour; and Lord Coleridge, while officially deprecating the practice of duelling, might have been thought to show a lurking sympathy with it, and gently suggested the advisableness of hostile encounters being brought off on a foreign soil, a piece of legal advice, by the by, which, though coming from so high an authority, is slightly misleading, and might get a confiding duellist into trouble were he to follow it implicitly with the view of obtaining immunity whatever happened. People have a sort of idea, encouraged by popular dramas and novels, that, if they betake themselves to foreign countries for the purpose of committing acts lawful there but unlawful here, such as fighting a duel or marrying their deceased wives' sisters, they can, after accomplishing their design, return home to England as though nothing had happened, and Lord Coleridge's dictum will tend to confirm this impression. But if the unsuspecting duellist killed his man, say in France, he and the seconds might on their return to this country be indicted for murder, and the lady in our second supposed case would return to this country a deceased wife's sister and nothing more.

Anyhow, the proposed duel between Messrs. Lawson and Labouchère resolved itself into a wordy war only, in the course of which Mr. Labouchère stigmatized his opponent as a "disgrace to journalism." This time Mr. Lawson did not take the law into his own hands, but instituted the criminal proceedings which have just terminated so inconclusively. Mr. Labouchère undertook to justify his assertion by proving that it was true, and that it was for the public benefit that it should be made. This he strove to do by pointing out the influence exercised by a journal with the largest circulation in the world over the minds of its readers, and then by formulating a series of charges against the *Daily Telegraph*, tending to show that, by reason of the sordid motives, the moral obliquities, and the political tergiversation of its proprietary, that journal was, in fact, a false and misguiding beacon, a blind leader of the blind, an unworthy member of the journalistic family. Mr. Labouchère undertook a sort of iconoclastic mission against an object of superstitious reverence, to show the brazen serpent to be a mere Nehushtan or piece of literary brass, to make his rod swallow up my uncle's stick, the rod of the other magician. "Magna est veritas et prævalebit." Descending to particulars, Mr. Labouchère, among other incriminations with which we do not propose to deal, accused Mr. Lawson of adapting the politics of his paper to suit the public taste, of presuming to lead in national matters as to the facts and merits of which he was profoundly ignorant, and, to use the form of a regular indictment, for that he, being a Jew, had countenanced the publication in the

Daily Telegraph of articles of an ultra-Christian character on the occasion of certain great festivals of the English Church.

Now, with regard to the first of these countercharges, is it not matter of common knowledge that newspapers do sometimes chop and change their political predilections? Did not the graphic pencil of Mr. Linley Sambourne some time ago depict in *Punch* a whole flotilla of London papers under the semblance of yachts trimming their sails and shaping their courses to catch the shifting breezes of popular opinion, and who failed to see the appropriateness of the sarcasm? The fact is that, as is observed by Mr. Kinglake in his last volume of the *Invasion of the Crimea* with reference to the *Times*, newspapers rather anticipate the probable set of public opinion than guide that opinion into channels consistent with their professed policy. Passages quoted by Mr. Labouchère from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* certainly seemed to show that when that journal did transfer its affections, it did not do so by halves; that if its "love flowed like the Solway, it ebbed like its tide," and that, having adored its fetish one day, it was apt to beat it over the head with a club the next. But the ferour of a convert is proverbial; and the *Daily Telegraph* is nothing if not exuberant.

Striving to convict Mr. Lawson of political ignorance, Mr. Labouchère subjected him to a cross-examination, geographical, classical, and historical, which might have taxed the ability of Mr. Gilbert's "modern Major-General." Mr. Lawson declined to answer most of the questions, and the jury were left to draw their own inference from his silence. But a proprietor of a newspaper like the *Daily Telegraph* does not necessarily embody in himself the whole working knowledge and ability of the staff. He need not be able to say, like the University dignitary in a recent Oxford skit, "Whatever can be known, I know it." The constituent parts of the paper are supplied by contributors having specific knowledge of their peculiar subject, and if the proprietor exercises a general and intelligent supervision, that is all that is, or can, be required from him; so that Mr. Lawson might well be unable to answer off-hand where Epirus is, or who Dr. Franklin was, or to say how far Quetta is distant from Cabul, and yet be perfectly competent to maintain the relation in which he stands to the *Daily Telegraph*.

The same argument applies in part to the last of Mr. Labouchère's accusations which we have noticed. If Mr. Lawson, admittedly a Jew, had himself indited a Christmas or Easter article from a Christian point of view, still more, if such an article had contained anything depreciatory of Judaism, there might have been ground for complaint; but this was not even suggested to have been the case. Mr. Lawson's staff comprises some Christians; one of these wrote the articles in question; and all that Mr. Lawson did was to authorize, or not to stop, their publication. It seems hypercriticism to take exception to this. Mr. Labouchère would have every newspaper proprietor impress his individuality upon every copy of his paper; and would, we suppose, contend that an honest Jew could only be connected with the *Jewish World* or the *Banner of Israel*.

For some reasons, perhaps scarcely logical ones, we cannot help regretting the issue of this trial. It might be unjust to make Mr. Labouchère a scapegoat, but, had the verdict gone against the defendant, there would have been an opportunity for the Court to have administered a salutary lesson to "Society" journals in general. Even when they are not offensive, journals of this class, in the ardour of unhealthy competition, think nothing of invading the privacy of persons whose station unfortunately renders them subjects of snobbish interest. Bits of idle gossip which may not be libellous may still be most annoying, and in view of the increasing number of so-called "Society" journals, the suggestion of one of our most eminent judges, that the publication of matter which does not concern the publisher or the public generally might be treated as libellous appears worth consideration.

Finally, in the interests of the Bar, we hope that parties will for the future forbear from pleading their own causes, or that, if they cannot resist the temptation, they will at least have the decency to exhibit incompetence and afford a warning to others. It used to be said that the man who undertook to be his own lawyer had a fool for his client. Baron Grant, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Labouchère have proved dangerous exceptions to the rule.

ARCHBISHOPS ON ARCHBISHOPS.

THERE is something much graver than a mere personal fray, from whatever point of view, civil or ecclesiastical, we look at it, involved in the tilting match which has just taken place between two Irish Archbishops of the Roman obedience—we ought perhaps rather to call one of them of the Roman disobedience—and their respective backers and allies lay and clerical. To begin with, such public conflicts are not very common between high ecclesiastics of the most strictly organized Church in Christendom, least of all when one of the contending parties is perfectly well known to be acting in all but direct opposition to the openly expressed will of the Pope. It is not indeed the first or second time that Leo XIII. has had to learn the value of ultramontane professions when the infallible pontiff who elicited and stereotyped them in the Vatican decrees has given place to an equally infallible but very differently minded successor, who combines with the divine gilt of infallibility the

less acceptable human endowment of a statesmanlike temper and strong common sense. In Belgium and elsewhere prelates and journalists, who were loudest the other day in denouncing the disloyal irreverence of seeking to discriminate in practice the official from the non-official utterances of Rome, have been forward to remind their new master that his prerogatives are strictly limited, and that beyond these limits—which practically means where his judgment differs from their own—they are neither bound nor disposed to listen to him. Still there is something which is novel, and which would be very amusing, if the matter were less serious—for religious complications are often serious enough for others besides those immediately concerned—in this truly Irish imbroglio. But let us first refresh the memory of our readers as to the facts of the case. They may perhaps recollect seeing notices in the daily papers of a pastoral issued on occasion of the recent festival of St. Patrick by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. McCabe, Cardinal Cullen's successor, which was welcomed with much satisfaction by all lovers of peace and order on the other side of the Irish Channel. After deprecating assaults on the faith of his people from without the Archbishop goes on to notice the far more dangerous and deplorable attacks that come from within, and, in terms pointing unmistakably to leaders of the Land League agitation, condemn the attempts which are being made to estrange the people from their clergy or to force the clergy into following the popular lead in matters of conscience. "Unsound and untheological opinions on the mutual obligations which bind the members of society together and lift them up to the dignity of a Christian community are industriously propagated by men who have proved themselves in every way most untrustworthy guides of Catholic nation." It is "false" and unchristian to say that one of two contracting parties can by his own authority modify or rescind the terms of his engagement, and therefore, while the end aimed at by the Land League is a righteous one, "we must proclaim from the housetop that some of the means employed cannot receive the sanction of religion." But worst of all these means is the expedient which has been most studiously promoted and highly extolled by the agitators, and accordingly the sting of the pastoral is in the tail. On this point the Archbishop's language which immediately provoked the contest is sufficiently emphatic: we give the more important passage as it stands, merely italicizing one significant clause, which has naturally proved distasteful to Mr. Parnell's admirers:—

The modesty of her daughters was the ancient glory of Ireland. The splendour of the purity of St. Brigid won for her the sublime title of the Mary of Ireland. Her spiritual children were worthy of their mother's fame, and Ireland shone out more brightly by the chastity of her daughters than even by the learning or labours of her most distinguished sons. Like Mary, their place was the seclusion of home. If charity drew them out of doors, their work was done with speed and their voices were not heard in the world's thoroughfares. This sacred retirement was so dear to St. Paul that he commands the holy women of his day, even in church, to cover their heads with the veil of modesty, out of reverence for the angels. But all this is now to be laid aside, and the daughters of our Catholic people, be they matrons or virgins, are called forth, under the flimsy pretext of charity, to take their stand in the noisy arena of public life. The pretext of charity is merely assumed; for already we have holy associations of men, and women, who, with the full blessing of religion, do the works of mercy, corporal and spiritual, for the poor and afflicted. And even the harsh laws now coming into force have mercifully provided for the families of those who fall under their power. . . . This attempt at degrading the women of Ireland comes very appropriately from men who have drawn the country into her present terribly deplorable condition, where, deprived of the safeguards of the Constitution, her people may become the prey of perjured informers; men who have sent their agents to fawn on notorious infidels and revolutionists; and, to escape the odium of their act, abuse the Christian politeness of a most venerable prelate and an illustrious soldier of France.

How far the Archbishop carried his own clergy with him in this vigorous assertion of civil and religious loyalty it may not be easy to determine. That many of them are simply dominated by mob rule and simulate a zeal they are far from feeling for an agitation which they must know in their hearts bodes as ill for ecclesiastical as for secular authority there can be little doubt. One priest near Ballinrobe is reported in the *Times* to have publicly announced his resolve to refuse the sacraments to any of his flock who join the Ladies' Land League. And we hardly see how he could consistently act otherwise, more especially when Archbishop McCabe was notoriously acting in accordance with a previous Papal Encyclical condemning the Land League addressed to himself and ordered by the Pope's desire to be published throughout his diocese. But that order was by no means universally obeyed. In one parish the priest who had refused to read it was removed by his diocesan, whereupon the parishioners dutifully nailed up the church doors against his successor. At a public meeting elsewhere in the diocese a Mr. Sexton blandly declared that he would as soon take the Archbishop's opinion on a political question—the Archbishop had expressly treated it as "a matter of conscience"—as send his watch to a tinker to be mended. But no sooner had the pastoral been issued than a more conspicuous opponent came into the field in the person of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., who immediately issued a lengthy reply in the *Freeman's Journal* flatly denying the Archbishop's right to give any advice on such subjects, denouncing his pastoral as an insult and wrong to some of the most exemplary and devoted children of the Church, and his imputation of motives to the Lady Land Leaguers as "odious and repulsive." This seems pretty strong for a layman to his Archiepiscopal superior, but the most wonderful part of the matter is yet to come:—

Duobus
Regibus incessit magno discordia motu.

[April 2, 1881.]

Scarcely had Mr. Sullivan's letter seen the light, boldly challenging, and in terms neither courteous nor respectful, the judgment of his metropolitan, when another Archiepiscopal missive was issued, not in vindication of the outraged dignity of a brother primate, but of the lay assailant who had flouted him. The titular Archbishop of Cashel addressed the following epistle to Mr. Sullivan, which was at once inserted with his sanction in the *Freeman's Journal*, published, as the *Tablet* points out, "in the diocese of Dublin." We have emphasized two passages, the first of which offers a somewhat remarkable comment on Mr. Sullivan's style of diction, while the second is still more remarkable, when it is remembered that the contemptuous sneer at a possible difference of opinion "elsewhere" refers to the judgment of Rome.

MY DEAR MR. SULLIVAN.—I congratulate you very heartily on the timely and, under the peculiarly provoking circumstances of the case, very temperate and without touching letter that appears over your name in this day's *Freeman*. I adopt unreservedly the sentiments you have so admirably expressed, and am delighted to find that some one of mark has at last stepped forward from the ranks of the laity to vindicate the character of the good Irish ladies who have become Land Leaguers, and to challenge publicly the "monstrous imputations" cast on them by the Archbishop of Dublin. His Grace will not be allowed in future, I apprehend, to use his lance so freely as he has hitherto done, or to ventilate unquestioned the peculiar political theories which he is known to hold in opposition to the cherished convictions of the great, and, indeed, overwhelming, majority of the Irish priests and people. It is a satisfaction, however, to feel that his Grace's political likings or dislikes, though possibly of some consequence elsewhere, carry with them very little weight or significance, except with a select few, in Ireland.

I remain, my dear Mr. Sullivan,
Your very faithful servant,

* T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel.

It is hardly wonderful that the *Tablet*, after carefully reminding its readers that "the prescriptions contained in a Pastoral Letter constitute, to all intents and purposes, an exercise of episcopal jurisdiction," thinks it odd "that the Archbishop of Cashel should understand in this manner the relations which ought to exist between himself and a brother Archbishop"; and we can easily believe that "this is the first time that the Ordinary of a diocese in Ireland has been directly and publicly assailed in this fashion by an episcopal colleague for an episcopal act."

But even this is not all. His bellicose "Grace of Cashel," whom the *Tablet* is nervously anxious to treat with the respect due to so "exalted a personage," is no more ready himself to show respect for the *Tablet*—the leading Roman Catholic newspaper in England—than for his own episcopal colleagues. His letter to Mr. Sullivan was dated the 16th March, the day after the appearance of Mr. Sullivan's, but meanwhile he had not been idle. The Dublin pastoral had been published a few days earlier, and the *Tablet*—which has, we believe, been considered much too Irish in its ideas by many of its English Roman Catholic readers, and cannot certainly be charged with any very "Saxon" proclivities—followed suit in an article which it describes as "virtually an echo of the utterances of" Archbishop McCabe. This was more than his Grace of Cashel could endure, and he lost not a moment in inditing a gentle remonstrance to the peccant editor in these terms:—

The Palace, Thurles, March 10.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

SIR.—A clerical friend has just called my attention to an article in this week's *Tablet* entitled "Ireland and France." Any public print or periodical, no matter under what colours it may sail, that would deliberately express some, at least, of the sentiments, and strive to give currency to the patent misrepresentation of historic analogies contained in that article is not fit, I think, for admittance into my house.

I pray you, then, to cease sending me your paper.

The *Tablet* is very solicitous indeed about the faith and morals of the Irish people. Let its pious concern on that score be put to rest. The faith and morals of our people were never, thank God, in less peril than they are to-day; and the sympathetic Saxon who wrote the article I complain of will, no doubt, derive great consolation from the assurance which I venture to give him, namely, that the real, or fancied, coqueting of one or more Irish agitators with French poets or incendiaries is not likely to do any serious damage to the cause which he has so disinterestedly taken to heart.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

* T. W. CROKE,
Archbishop of Cashel.

This letter was also sent at once to the *Freeman's Journal*, and the *Tablet*, being accused—somewhat unjustly, we cannot but think—of "suppressing" it, prints it in a leading article in the next number, with a not unnatural complaint that, while "we have grave reasons for dissociating ourselves from and protesting against co-operation with the enemies of social order"—such co-operation being of course not at all congenial to its English supporters—"our difficult task is rendered immeasurably harder by attacks such as that" of Archbishop Croke. In another part of the same number appears a consolatory epistle to the editor of the *Tablet* from "an old priest" signing himself "P. P." and dating from "Co. Roscommon," who "really pities Dr. Croke," and proceeds to administer a "manly" castigation to the missive from "the Palace at Thurles," which leaves little to be desired.

The article headed "Ireland and France," to which the letter from the "Palace" at Thurles takes exception, is marked by the *Tablet's* usual ability, and Catholic tone and treatment, and could not be fairly objected to except by some one blinded by political partisanship of Parnellism—*male* and *female*. It is a terrible state of society in this unfortunate country that a Catholic journal cannot treat a public question on independent grounds without running the risk of being turned out of doors, or without previously canvassing the private opinions of its readers, especially if they happen to live in "Palaces." Go fearlessly in your manly mission without dread of the consequences of *eviction* from the "Palace" at Thurles. I say it, in sorrow, the writer of the letter to the *Freeman* ought to feel ashamed of being guilty of such paltry weakness.

All this, as we observed before, sounds amusing enough, but we may be sure there is not so much smoke without some fire below. There is a real and bitter, though as yet smouldering, jealousy between priests and lay agitators and between two parties among the priests themselves in Ireland. Even bishops take opposite sides. Thus Bishop Nulty of Meath, Bishop Delany of Cork and Bishop Woodlock of Ardagh are understood to sympathize with Archbishop McCabe, while Dr. Croke has also his episcopal allies. Nor must it be imagined that the question at issue between the rival factions concerns simply the Land League or the Lady Leaguers. These are in fact the straws to show which way the stream is flowing. The spirit of Fenianism, of which these things are but one manifestation, not only lies under the formal ban of the Church, but is radically opposed to the deepest instincts and interests of ecclesiasticism. There is a section indeed of the Irish priesthood who are "Catholics, if you please, but first Irishmen," and in their case the nationalist of course supersedes the ecclesiastical sentiment. But those who have at heart the interests of their Church—men like Archbishop McCabe and his predecessor the late Cardinal Cullen—cannot so regard matters. They are well aware that the nationalist programme is fatal alike to all authority, and that the Church has nothing to gain and much to lose by coqueting with secret or open rebellion, though it be rebellion against a Protestant Government. We learn therefore without any surprise that the loyal party among the Bishops are anxious to see a papal nuncio in London, and that they are backed up in their desire by the Vatican. It is equally intelligible that Dr. Croke and his friends should indignantly repudiate such a scheme, and that the *Freeman's Journal* should denounce it as sure not only to alienate priests and people but even to endanger the steadfastness of Ireland in the Roman faith. It is only natural that a pontiff like Leo XIII. should desire to establish official relations with the English as with other Governments, and there are probably many English statesmen who would agree with him. An Act of Parliament was indeed actually passed with that object in 1849, but it proved abortive owing to the introduction of a clause suggested by those opposed to the scheme altogether, providing that the nuncio must be a layman, and this condition, infringing on the established etiquette, was resented at Rome as an insult. We are not discussing the merits of the question here, but it is curious as a sign of the times that the project should be renewed at this moment by Rome and those most loyal to Rome among the Irish hierarchy. The growing alienation between the religious and nationalist parties, and the decreasing hold on their flocks of those clergy who aspire to lead instead of being led by them, opens out a wider question. It was once wittily observed—we rather think by Dean Swift—that "if you want to make the Irish Protestants, the surest way is to pass an Act of Parliament requiring them all to be Catholics"; and the joke has a serious side to it. The praise so lavishly bestowed by Roman panegyrist on "the first effervescence of the faith and morals of the Irish people" must at least be heavily discounted by the suspicious but indisputable circumstance that Irish devotion to the Holy See synchronizes precisely with the split between Rome and England, when religious allegiance became a badge of civil disaffection and hatred for the Saxon oppressor was testified by love for the Pope. The policy both of Rome and England in later years has gradually dissolved that connexion, and it remains to be seen how far Irish orthodoxy will survive its dissolution. Archbishop Croke assures his "Saxon" opponent that "the faith and morals of our people were never in less peril than to-day," but Archbishop McCabe is, with better reason, "persuaded that Ireland's faith was never exposed to greater strain than it is at this moment." Such a passage at arms as that between the two prelates and their respective adherents suggests at all events some curious speculations as to the ultimate result of the nascent feud between national sentiment and national belief, embodied in the rival forces faith and Fenianism.

THE BASINGSTOKE BRAWL.

THERE were probably great rejoicings over the glad news of real and undeniable persecution which lately reached the "Head-Quarters" of the Salvation Army. Hitherto the conductors of their official paper, the *War Cry*, have been perfectly contented with announcements which, though conveyed in the strongest possible language, caused no real shock to the nerves. What boots it to tell every week that the enemy is in full force, that the struggle is desperate, that shouts of victory are ringing along the whole line, when one cannot get over the disagreeable consciousness that nobody has been hurt? The stronger the language the greater is the incongruity. So that, though the writers for the *War Cry* aim entirely at the production of exciting battle pieces, and reports of such brilliant and unexpected victories that one wonders how a single one of the enemy can be left to fight, the result is, to tell the truth, rather dull reading. From beginning to end not one single groan of a wounded man, no shrieks of agony, not the least chance of a lament over those who have fallen gloriously on the field. Why, we know that even Milton, though certainly he had less practice in the description of battles than the reporters of the *War Cry*, found it difficult to awaken interest in a fight where severed limbs immediately joined themselves together again. But still his wounded angels did groan. To make up for the

absence of horrors usually attendant on a field of battle, we have had in the *War Cry* to fall back upon dark hints of mud, stones, and brickbats. It must, therefore, be indeed a welcome thing to the "Chief of the Staff" to hear of real fighting, thwacks with the "knobbly" ends of sticks, stones flying through the air, and the collision of fists. One corps of the Army has covered itself with glory; not only has it achieved a glorious Victory, which is a common, even a weekly event, but it has been handsomely drubbed as well. After this who shall say that the title of soldier and the uniform of the officers are borne in vain?

The scene of this encounter was at Basingstoke, a neighbourhood already famous in history for good hard fighting in another cause. The tumult, like most such affairs, was sudden, yet not unexpected. We read, for instance, in the *War Cry* for March 17th that, "though the old lion is raging," the Mayor and principal inhabitants show sympathy. Is there, under the name "lion," a latent allusion to some tavern sign? In the number for the following week there is a shorter and more gloomy report, which refers to the "old lion" under a more familiar name, and owing to two policemen having been secured for protection the whole of Sunday. It was not, however, until last Sunday that the real excitement came. One of the most striking peculiarities of the Salvation Army—that by which the unthinking world chiefly recognizes them—is their habit of parading the streets, four abreast, bawling hymns. These processions may be seen every Sunday afternoon in Hammersmith, Whitechapel, and a few other favoured parts of the metropolis. It was known at Basingstoke on Sunday morning that there was going to be a disturbance; the streets were full of roughs, and country bumpkins came into the town to see the fun and join in it; yet the gallant soldiers resolved upon having their musical march. The opposition is said to have been caused by the malice of the licensed victuallers. This may be true, but we should remember that it is the fashion to charge a great many crimes upon this class of tradesmen—such as Jingoism, attachment to the Established Church, corrupt elections, and increase of intemperance. So many converts, it is said, have been made, that the public-houses are losing their best customers. One remembers the Great Whiskey Crusade, one reflects that it is finished, but that the consumption of Bourbon remains steady, and one fears that the news is premature. Considering that a "great victory" means, according to the official reports, the conversion of two, four, or six, while language fails to announce with sufficient joy the conversion of more, it certainly does seem as if either the Basingstoke converts must be men of very exceptional personal influence, or they must have been topers quite out of the common. And considering, further, that nothing would help these people more than a riot, one is inclined to believe, on the whole, that the attack upon them was not instigated by the sellers of strong drink. It was apparently intended to disturb the procession of the morning; but this design fell through, owing to the protection of a hundred special constables. In the afternoon, however, an engagement took place, which could not fail to give the highest satisfaction to all concerned. A band was provided, consisting of a trombone, cymbals made of tin pans, tin whistles playing different tunes, a clarinet, and a tin can full of stones. Those who had no instruments yelled. When the Salvation Army turned out, a hundred and fifty strong, they were met by a raging mob and by this hideous din. The Mayor, who was there (with only twenty special constables, like Mr. Nupkins), actually refused to interfere "further than the law required." This is to say, he allowed the streets of his quiet little country town to be occupied on Sunday afternoon by a mob of howling and roaring roughs. When the police were quite satisfied that "violence" had been committed, they made a rush, and the Mayor read the Riot Act. Whither the police rushed, or with what effect, does not appear; the procession was broken up, the Salvation Army got back to their own conventicle, and the roughs remained outside to shout and roar. No one seems to have been arrested, except an ill-regulated person who took advantage of the general confusion to get drunk; and no doubt the Basingstoke roughs, having once tasted the delights of rioting, have resolved upon getting a really enjoyable time next Sunday, with much more noise and a great deal more mischief.

The whole business would be comic, but for the inefficiency of the authorities and for certain possibilities which lie in the background. It is the business of the people who call themselves the Salvation Army to preach and sing among the very lowest classes, and such opposition as they have aroused at Basingstoke may be repeated on a larger and more dangerous scale at Manchester, Sheffield, and other great towns. For it seems to us time to recognize the fact that we have a very remarkable religious organization, before which there may be a great future. It certainly will not do to confuse the thing with the strange enthusiasm of twenty years ago, which shot up so suddenly and died away so rapidly. The so-called "Revival" led some people to believe in a universal conversion of the masses. The "Revival" fell to pieces because it was a movement without a leader, without order, method, or reason. It was sporadic and uncertain; it might break out anywhere; it seemed to break out spontaneously; it was no doubt violent while it lasted, but then it lasted such a very little while. And, as regards the fruits of all that enthusiasm, all those hopes, all those promises, we may well ask, after twenty years, what has become of them. The "converted" have perhaps to some extent kept their pledges; they stepped, at any rate, into the ranks of sobriety and respectability; it would be to a certain extent difficult to desert the new friends; watchful eyes were kept upon interesting converts; when, at last, the newness of the thing

died away there was no longer any temptation to rejoin the old disreputable associates. So that probably a great many were really steadied for life. Again, we had two or three years ago a visit of rather a remarkable kind from two people who modestly called themselves Evangelists. Large sums—very large sums—of money were collected for them; no accounts, so far as we know, were ever rendered of the expenditure; great crowds of people went to hear—and that was all. We have never heard any one pretend that the predictions of Messrs. Moody and Sankey were of any permanent value whatever. But the efforts of the Salvation Army are of a more serious character and more worthy of respect. Indeed, since the foundation of the Wesleyans, we know of no religious movement which has seemed so full of life and well-directed energy. It is, in fact, ruled by a dictator who appears to be possessed of administrative capacity of a very high order.

His name is Booth; he belonged originally, we believe, to a body called the Primitive Methodists. The ignorant world has been known to call these people Ranters, a name which seems to imply a zeal more than common, an insistence upon doctrine more than comfortable, an activity in converting and exhorting greater than the world generally desires. Yet what injustice we do to each other out of ignorance! So far from finding his brethren ranters, Mr. Booth thought them cold and formal. He looked for zeal, and found doctrine; in place of missionary enthusiasm, he found the conventional harangues of ministers and elders waxed fat and comfortable. Then Mr. Booth came forth out of that connexion and set up on his own account, as in this country and the United States of America every prophet may. He has greatly succeeded. We need not here write the history of this sect; the important thing is to observe its actual position and its possibilities. His followers call themselves an army; every one of them, man or woman, is supposed to be a "soldier"; six thousand of them are trained and practised speakers; they wear a uniform and get promoted to the rank of lieutenant, captain, and so forth; and every one is exhorted to keep on "fighting." The head of the whole is, naturally, the founder. With the single exception of Edward Irving, the head of every sect has always been the founder. Mr. Booth has conferred upon himself the title of General; he issues his orders from "Head-Quarters," which are at Whitechapel; he requires absolute and unquestioning obedience; he sends his officers and changes their posts wherever and whenever it seems good to him. He is aided by his wife and family, all of whom are active members of the Army, and are fighting the "old lion" daily. His "officers" have been sent to all the large towns and a great many of the smaller ones; they have, as stated above, about 6,000 members, all active and zealous "soldiers"; they have a paper which circulates some 120,000 weekly; every one who joins them is exhorted and trained to preach; their orders are to go into the poorest and roughest neighbourhoods, and to work exclusively among a class which has not hitherto been considered open to the influences of religion and morality.

Discipline, obedience, enthusiasm, readiness to work hard, to live frugally, to endure hard things, faith in the reality of their work—these are things which redeem the Salvation Army from ridicule. So long as these virtues remain with the "Army" it will go on and increase. There is no reason why this six thousand should not multiply a hundredfold, for the supply of enthusiastic young people is practically unlimited; and it really seems as if we might begin to speculate on the future of converted Whitechapel when it will be filled from end to end with "Hallelujah Joes" and "Happy Elizas." No doubt there are sources of weakness and danger which the "General" alone could reveal; it may be that his captains are not always, perhaps, fully impressed with the necessity for obedience; they may promote themselves to higher rank, and even lead off an independent army; the whole thing may collapse at the death of the founder through incapacity of his successor; if the enthusiasm of the "soldiers" should be suffered to fall off or the discipline to be relaxed, the movement would become ridiculous even to the "staff." But, as it now stands, the Army seems certainly the most remarkable attempt to reach the lowest class that has been made since the time of Whitfield.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE Report of the Director of the National Gallery presents this year several features of special interest. During the period to which it refers some important changes have been introduced into the practical conduct of the establishment, and the collection itself has been greatly enriched both by purchase and bequest. Formerly visitors were altogether excluded from the Gallery during the whole of the month of October. This serious curtailment of the privileges of the public was held to be necessary for purposes of cleaning and repairs, but a little gentle pressure from without has sufficed to suggest to the authorities a more convenient arrangement. By a small increase of expenditure, which has been authorized by the Treasury, some addition has been made to the working staff of the Gallery, and it is now found possible to accomplish all that is required in the way of cleaning and alterations by closing the different rooms in succession, still leaving the greater part of the building accessible to students and the public. A more considerable hindrance to the free enjoyment of the national collection arose from the practice of reserving two days in each week for the use of persons employed in

copying the pictures. The Gallery was thus practically closed to the public during five months out of the twelve. Even if all those who make a business of copying pictures could be held to deserve the title of students, the facilities which were granted to them might still be deemed to have been excessive. But, as a matter of fact, the copyist is not always a student in any strict sense of the word. The return giving the list of works most frequently copied during the past year affords ground for the belief that the commercial element is an important one in determining the choice of subjects for reproduction. There is a certain market for the sale of copies taken from the works of popular masters, and the execution of such copies is a regular employment both in England and on the Continent. It is, indeed, only on this assumption that we can explain the preference shown for a painter like Greuze by the students at the National Gallery. The "Head of a Girl" (206), by the popular French painter, has been copied no less than fifteen times during the twelve months; the "Girl with an Apple" (1,020), by the same hand, thirteen times; and a second "Head of a Girl" (1,019), also by Greuze, eleven times. The selection in the case of several other masters points to a similar conclusion. Murillo's "Peasant Boy," Guido Reni's "Youthful Christ and St. John," and Sassoferato's "Madonna in Prayer," to name only a few examples, belong manifestly to a class of art that is found attractive for other than purely artistic reasons. The return from which these figures have been taken contains at the same time the evidence of much serious labour upon pictures that possess a higher claim upon the student. Velasquez's portrait of Philip IV. has been copied thirteen times, and many of the greater Italians, together with the earlier Flemish painters, have received a due share of attention. But even with the most generous appreciation of the benefit to be derived by young artists from the practical study of great masterpieces, it was obviously unnecessary that the public should be altogether excluded from the Gallery on students' days. The authorities have therefore done well in modifying the former arrangement. They have adopted a system that has been found to work well elsewhere, and visitors are now admitted on these reserved days after twelve o'clock by payment of an entrance fee of sixpence. At the end of last year the new regulations had only been in force for a period of five weeks, but the experiment justifies the Director in the belief that the annual return from this source will be not less than five hundred pounds, a sum more than sufficient to cover the salaries of the extra attendants required under the new arrangements.

In spite of the fact that the Gallery was for the first time kept open during the month of October, some important changes have been effected during the year in the disposition of the pictures. The examples of the British school have been rearranged, in order to find room for the series of early Flemish pictures left to the nation by Mrs. Joseph Henry Green. This forms, in point of numbers, a very considerable addition to the collection; and, to judge from the specimens already exhibited to the public, the bequest is likely to prove of the highest artistic interest and value. The changes which its reception have forced upon the Director prove, however, that the space at his disposal is still far short of the requirements of the Gallery. It is altogether unfortunate, even from the point of view of economy, that the rooms in Trafalgar Square should be always overcrowded. The nation, we feel convinced, would ultimately be the gainer by a further enlargement of the present building; for the very fact that there were vacant spaces to be furnished would afford the surest encouragement to owners of artistic treasures to entrust their possessions to the national keeping. Even as things now are, several of the pictures are unfavourably placed. The dome-shaped hall in the centre of the new building is, by reason of insufficient light, quite unfit for the display of pictures; and in Gallery No. VI., where Turner's works are collected, the hanging is far too crowded for good effect. The Director strongly urges upon the Government some necessary reconstruction of the roof of this room, in order to improve the present imperfect mode of lighting. It is to be hoped that his appeal will receive a prompt response; but it would be no less desirable that the Treasury should at the same time consider some comprehensive scheme for the further enlargement of the building.

Only two pictures have been purchased for the Gallery during the past year; but one of them is a work of the very highest value and beauty. Until the acquisition of Lord Suffolk's Madonna, the nation possessed no authentic work of Leonardo da Vinci. The "Christ Disputing with the Doctors," which bears his name in the catalogue, is now by common consent assigned to Bernardino Luini, the most gifted of Leonardo's pupils. It bears evidence of the master's influence, and is intrinsically a picture of delightful quality, and there is, therefore, some ground for regret that its true authorship should not be frankly acknowledged. It is of course always a delicate matter to alter the description of pictures in public galleries; but now that the nation has become possessed of an indubitable example of Leonardo da Vinci, there is the less reason for associating his name with one of Luini's most admired performances. The fortunes of Lord Suffolk's picture belong to the romance of art history. Lomazzo, one of the followers of Leonardo, writing in 1534, upwards of sixty years after the painter's death, mentions it as being then in the Capella della Concezione at Milan. It is referred to again in a work published in 1751, and in 1796 it was bought by Hamilton for 30 ducats and carried to England, where it passed into the possession of the Earl of Suffolk. From Charlton Park, where the picture has since remained, it has now been transferred to the National Gallery at the cost of nine thousand pounds, and, having regard to the

rarity of the master and the indisputable beauty of the work, we think the public has the best reasons for being satisfied with the purchase made on its behalf. Such a picture by such a painter would have been cheaply acquired even at a much heavier outlay than nine thousand pounds. It will rank henceforth as one of the noblest examples in our Gallery; and, as an expression of the characteristic qualities of Leonardo's genius, it will even bear comparison with the best of his works to be found in the older galleries of Europe. Such comparison is, indeed, directly challenged in the case of the "Vierge aux Rochers" of the Louvre. The design of the two pictures is almost identical. Slight differences in the details of the landscape and in the drawing of the angel only serve to emphasize the general resemblance existing between them, and it has sometimes been assumed that the one is only a copy of the other. But even if this theory were acceptable, it would by no means follow as a matter of course that the Louvre Madonna could claim precedence over our own. Passavant was disposed to pronounce the "Vierge aux Rochers" to be a copy of the work described by Lomazzo, and Waagen expresses a more confident opinion to the same effect. The evidence we possess, however, would rather tend to the belief that both works are to be ascribed to Leonardo himself. One or two drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor are studies, for portions of the composition which are only to be found in the Virgin of the Louvre. On the other hand, several contemporary copies of the work repeat in every particular the design of Lord Suffolk's picture, a fact which goes to prove that it was accepted at the time as a genuine example of the master. But, after all, the only trustworthy testimony in such a case is to be sought from the painting itself, and here the version lately acquired for the National Gallery stands in a somewhat better position than its more celebrated rival. "Our picture of the Louvre," writes M. Arsène Houssaye, the enthusiastic biographer of Leonardo, "is covered with retouches, and it is difficult to pronounce absolutely on a first view." Lord Suffolk's "Madonna" has suffered but little in this way. The painting of the principal parts is admirably preserved, though the colouring has perhaps lost something of its original force. It is impossible, we think, to examine carefully the face of the Virgin without arriving at the conclusion that we have here the handiwork of the master himself. The particular type might, as we know, be reproduced by another hand; and it is equally true that in the sentiment of precise definition of the most subtle realities of form, Leonardo was closely followed by the pupils whom he had inspired. But it is only the originator of such a searching system of draughtsmanship who can carry these principles of his art into the minutest touches of the brush, and who can grant to every detail an equal impression of certain and subtle execution. The painting is everywhere worked out with the sentiment and the power of a great draughtsman in whose scheme of art colour holds a subordinate place, and who uses the brush as he would have used the silver point or the pen; whereas in the best productions of Leonardo's pupils—such, for instance, as the picture by Luini already mentioned, or the delightful "Madonna" of Beltraffio—a similar effect of light and shade is more broadly indicated by means that belong more directly to the ordinary processes of painting. Of the general beauty of the composition it is scarcely necessary to say anything, for it differs in no essential quality of invention from the picture in the Louvre. All the peculiar excellences of Leonardo's style, with his characteristic choice of unfamiliar types of beauty, wherein the truth of momentary expression strangely mingle with the record of the deeper realities of individual form and feature, are to be found in both works alike. The powerful charm of the design has been admirably suggested by Théophile Gautier in a spirited description of the picture in the Louvre:—"L'aspect de la Vierge aux Rochers," he writes, "est singulier, mystérieux et charmant. Une espèce de grotte basaltique abrite le divin groupe posé sur la rive d'une source qui laisse transparaître à travers son eau limpide les cailloux de son lit. L'arcade de la grotte découvre un paysage rocheux clair-semé d'arbres grêles et que traverse une rivière au bord de laquelle s'élève un village; tout cela d'une couleur indéfinissable comme celle des contrées chimériques que l'on parcourt en rêve." And of the type of the Virgin's face he continues:—"Il est tout particulier à Léonard et ne rappelle rien les vierges de Péugin ni celles de Raphaël; le haut de la tête est sphérique, le front développé; l'ovale des joues s'amenuise pour se clore par un menton d'une courbe délicate; les yeux aux paupières baissées se coulent de pénombres; le nez, quoique fin, n'est pas rectiligne avec le front comme celui des statues grecques; ses narines se découpent et ses ailes frémissent comme si la respiration les faisait palper. La bouche un peu grande a ce sourire vague, énigmatique et délicieux que le Vinci donne à ses figures des femmes; une légère malice s'y mêle à l'expression de la pureté et de la bonté."

These sentences convey no exaggerated impression of the beauty of the picture that is now exhibited to the public in the National Gallery. The Director, it should be said, has not yet found for the work a fitting place upon the walls, and in its present position on a screen in the large gallery it is seen at some disadvantage, owing to the reflections from the floor. Either the frame should be raised considerably, or some dark covering should be placed over the oak boards of the Gallery. It is a pity that the enjoyment of such a noble masterpiece should be even temporarily injured by the neglect of these very simple precautions.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN DRAFT RESOLUTIONS.

THE publication of the draft resolutions which the French and American Governments propose to lay before the coming International Monetary Conference explains why the British Cabinet insisted upon a modification in the form of invitation sent out by the originators of the Conference. The resolutions, in fact, bind the several Governments adopting them to the extremest bimetallism, and it is only honest in our own Ministers to make it clearly understood beforehand that they have no intention to seriously discuss, much less subscribe to, such a system. The resolutions are prefaced by a statement of the reasons recommending them, very able and concise, but such as might have been written by M. Cernuschi himself. The statement begins with the assertion that bimetallism had always been practised until a few years ago; that for nearly a century it had preserved a fixed relation between the value of gold and silver; that, in consequence, the gold and silver of the whole world formed one homogeneous monetary material more stable in its paying value than either gold or silver separately; that this state of things was of the greatest service to the monometallic countries; that the break-up of the arrangement has rendered the commercial and financial relations between the gold- and silver-using parts of the world almost as complicated and hazardous as if the exchanges between them were made by barter; and that it has left an immense mass of silver which the countries possessing it can neither use nor sell, and which is thus an oppressive incumbrance. Therefore it is proposed that the several countries taking part in the Conference should re-establish bimetallism; that is to say, should enter into a compact to coin, free of charge, any amounts of gold and silver which any person may bring to their mints; that a fixed value should be established between gold and silver in the proportion of 1 to 15; and that the arrangement should subsist until 1900, or, if a year's notice were not given by that time, for ten years longer. Each of the countries would be free, however, to retain its own pieces of money; and, if it chose, might also issue State paper notes; but gold and silver must both be full legal tender; and even the adoption of an inconvertible paper currency should not relieve the country using such from the obligation contracted by the Convention.

The reasons assigned for adopting bimetallism, as we have said, are very clever; but they are neither convincing nor even accurate. The statement, for example, that bimetallism had always existed until a few years ago is not correct. Bimetallism never has existed in England, nor in most other countries of the world. It is true that both gold and silver have been current, just as they are still current in India; but both gold and silver have not been full legal tender at any time in the greater part of the world, and certainly have not been coined free of charge at the option of any person who chose to present them to the mints. That, however, is a small point which does not affect the argument. The main contention of the two Governments, no doubt, is that the adoption of bimetallism by France kept the value of both gold and silver fixed for nearly a century. If this is true, it matters little whether the former assertion is strictly accurate or not. The past century has witnessed immense changes in the production of the precious metals; and if, notwithstanding, the free coinage of both metals by France prevented the violent fluctuations in value which we have since seen, the fact is indubitably of great weight on the side of the bimetallists. But, is it really a fact? We think not. Until the gold discoveries in California in 1849, gold had been gradually getting scarcer and scarcer, and any one who has examined the evidence must have convinced himself that its value was constantly rising. At that time, however, the gold-using countries were few. The greater part of the world either used silver alone, or else used both gold and silver, the main portion of the currency in the latter, however, being silver. When the great gold discoveries in California and Australia followed, gold came into much more general use, and, as the production of silver did not increase, this greater consumption of the dearer metal kept its value from falling as much as *a priori* it was expected it would do. But when Germany suddenly decided not only to substitute a uniform metallic currency for the various currencies previously existing, but also to demonetize silver and adopt gold alone as legal tender, the equilibrium theretofore existing was disturbed; the demand for gold, that is, was enormously increased and the demand for silver was enormously diminished. At the same time, it will be recollect that the United States had an inconvertible paper currency and had long ceased to coin silver in any appreciable quantity. The Franco-German war also had compelled France to suspend specie payments, and thus the one country in Europe which had been the largest consumer of silver ceased to be a large purchaser of the metal. The demonetization of silver by Germany thus came at a time when the demand for silver on the part both of the United States and of France had fallen off enormously; and to aggravate matters the Nevada mines suddenly began to prove much more productive than they had formerly been. Lastly, a series of terrible famines afflicted India in quick succession, and, by impoverishing its population, restricted the demand for silver. At the same time, moreover, the home charges of the Indian Government increased enormously, intercepting a large portion of the specie which otherwise would have gone out to the East, as the bills drawn by the India Council are as useful for remittance as coin or bullion. The causes which brought about

the depreciation of silver were thus very numerous instead of being simple, as these draft resolutions represent them to be. No doubt the suspension by the Latin Union countries of the free coinage of silver helped to make the depreciation greater than it would otherwise have been. But even if France and her monetary allies had continued to coin silver freely, it may safely be asserted that some depreciation must have occurred, in consequence of the great increase in the production of silver in the United States, and the great decrease in the demand for silver both in Germany and in India.

The other important contention of the French and American Governments is that the paying power of gold and silver conjointly is more stable than the paying power of gold and silver separately; that is to say, that there are fewer and less violent fluctuations in bimetallic than in monometallic countries. Now this clearly is not true. In a country like our own, in which gold alone is legal tender for large amounts, the value of the currency fluctuates only with the fluctuations in the value of gold itself. If, for example, new gold mines of vast productiveness were to be discovered, the purchasing power of gold would tend to fall. If, on the other hand, the existing gold mines were to be exhausted, or nearly exhausted, the purchasing power of gold would tend to rise. But there could be no fluctuation in the value of gold, no matter what became of the silver mines of the world, unless, indeed, the now silver-using countries were to become gold-using. Indirectly in that way, no doubt, there would be an effect. But even in that case the only effect upon a currency like our own would be from variations in the supply or in the demand for gold alone. In the case of a country like France or the United States, on the other hand, where both gold and silver are legal tender, the purchasing power of the currency would vary with every variation in the value of both gold and silver; in other words, there would be a double set of causes acting upon the currency of a bimetallic country, and only a single set of causes acting upon the value of the currency in a monometallic country. Greater stability, therefore, there could not be. More moderate bimetallists than the draughtsmen of these resolutions which we are considering admit that this is so. But they contend that, although the fluctuations in the monometallic country would be fewer, they would yet be more violent. The point is not worth arguing. It is enough for our purpose that the fluctuations would be more numerous, whether they would be greater or not; for, in fact, that admission comes to this, that, instead of preventing changes in the value of the currency by adopting bimetallism, we should be adding to their number. This is very clearly proved by the experience of the United States. Like France, the United States have been a bimetallic country since the end of the last century; but, unlike France, they have made changes in the relative values of the two metals. Originally the relation was fixed at 1 to 15, whereas, as we know, the relative value in France was as 1 to 15½. In the United States, consequently, silver was over-estimated. In the United States, that is, for only 15 ounces of silver you could buy an ounce of gold, whereas in France, to purchase an ounce of gold cost 15½ ounces of silver. It was, therefore, profitable for all holders of silver to turn that metal into coin in the United States, and consequently the whole of the gold in that country was drained away, and silver alone remained. When the Americans discovered this, they changed the relation from 1 to 15 to 1 to 16. Then the silver was as much under-estimated as it had been previously over-estimated. It now cost 16 ounces of silver to buy 1 ounce of gold, whereas in France 1 ounce of gold could be bought for 15½ ounces of silver. The result, then, was to drain away all the silver from the United States, and to leave only gold. It paid the holders of gold to send it to the United States, get it coined there, buy silver, and export the latter to Europe and Asia and sell it there. Thus we see in the case of the United States that not alone were there fluctuations from changes in the supply and demand of the two metals composing the currency, but there were actually fluctuations caused by the law fixing their value in relation to one another.

It is not worth while to follow out in detail the several reasons set out in these draft resolutions for adopting bimetallism. We have said enough to show that the adoption of that system would not necessarily have the results expected from it. It would not, as we have been showing, make the value of gold and silver in relation to one another more stable than they are. There is but one way, in fact, of acting upon the value of any commodity, whether it be a precious metal or not, and that is by acting upon either the supply or the demand. If the demand for silver is increased in a greater proportion than the supply, then the value of silver certainly must rise. If, on the other hand, the supply of silver is increased more largely than the demand, then it is equally inevitable that the value must fall. But whether the action upon the supply and demand is brought about by bimetallism or by monometalism is entirely indifferent. If Germany, for example, were to undo what she has been doing during the past ten years—in other words, if she were to go back again to the single silver standard—she would certainly rehabilitate silver, unless, indeed, either France or the United States were to take advantage of the change and to demonetize silver. But, if France and the United States retained their existing system, and Germany gave up the single gold standard, then the value of silver would be restored without any extension of bimetallism. We freely admit, of course, that if, in the name of bimetallism, Germany and other countries in Europe are induced to consume a larger quantity of silver than they now do, that will tend to raise

the value of silver. But that will be done by an increase of consumption, not by bimetallism, which in itself tends rather, as we have just been showing above, to multiply fluctuations than to diminish them.

THE THEATRES.

THAT the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Court Theatre was, on the whole, though interesting, dispiriting, is perhaps not entirely to be wondered at. Mme. Modjeska is a finished actress, equipped with everything that study, and care, and intelligence can provide, but lacking freshness and spontaneity. In *Romeo and Juliet* Mme. Modjeska played with great sweetness, sometimes with extraordinary grace; where she was least herself, and that is in the garden scene, she almost persuaded us that this beautiful and touching figure was the young Capulet just awakened to the power of passion; but she never quite persuaded us of this, and in the later tragic scenes she adopted a restless, writhing action, a monotonous, wailing voice, and a distracting and incessant motion of the hands, which were far too studied to be moving. But praise is due to her fine feeling for the poetry, and to her unfailing intelligence of interpretation.

Juliet will always remain one of the greatest difficulties that the stage presents. Extreme care and delicacy are required to bring out the rapidly varied shades of impulse that drift across the mind of the young girl like cloud-shadows across a little sunshiny bay, deepening every moment with the approach of the tragic storm. To render this a perfectly trained and balanced style is required, such a style, in fact, as no child of fourteen can ever hope to attain. At the Court Theatre the age of Juliet is advanced to eighteen by the Nurse, simply with this effect upon an audience that is familiar with its Shakespeare, that that venerable woman is not merely telling a lie, but that she knows it. We have all in our memories that striking passage in the memoirs of Miss Fanny Kemble, where she describes her first appearance on the stage in the part of Juliet. Her "stage-fear," her fluttering timidity and hopeless rush at her mother for protection, were not acting, they were reality, and so true to the instinct of the audience that this timid action brought down the house. Mme. Modjeska attempted a girlish demeanour of a gayer and more confident type; she sported with the Nurse, and danced around Lady Capulet with a captivating vivacity that lacked the charm of sincerity. This extreme lightness of manner, in our opinion, is a mistake; the quiet, timid artlessness of Miss Kemble must have been, not merely fresher to the public, but more near to Shakespeare. Juliet is meek and indifferent, a mere smooth surface ready to take any impression; even the sudden proposal that she must marry does not startle her inexperience. Her answer is icily maidenly:—

It is an honour that I dream not of.

And even the Nurse is stirred by her absolute indifference to emphasize the charms of Paris:—

A man, young lady! lady, such a man!
Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower!

On her next appearance, after the ball, Mme. Modjeska showed a just feeling for the character of the heroine. Her infatuation for Romeo was well indicated, and it was not until the question,

Go ask his name,

that she gave one of those contortions which she is only too fond of indulging in, and which, to our mind, form the chief disadvantage of her acting.

In the garden scene she was much less herself, and the great beauty of the scenery and light helped the audience to realize something more of the Southern richness and passion of the play than had hitherto been possible. It is exceedingly difficult to address a soliloquy to the stage when an individual plainly visible to the audience is in the middle of it, and it would perhaps be better that Romeo, on Juliet's speaking, should hasten into the shadow of the house. Mr. Forbes Robertson, however, remained well in view, in a position of devotion, and Mme. Modjeska, in order to show distinctly that she was not addressing him, spoke to the footlights. Instead, however, of delivering the speech that begins

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy

in a passionate reverie, looking upwards, as would surely be the best way of delivering the soliloquy, Mme. Modjeska went through all her graceful and restless evolutions, not sparing us even the conceit of plucking at a cluster of theatrical roses to emphasize

that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

In the actual dialogue that followed she pleased us better than in any other part of the performance, although she had not the tact to prevent the giggling with which the gallery is always moved to receive:—

O for a falconer's voice
To lure this tercel-gentle back again.

It would surely be wiser for the actress to say this very quietly, not while darting hither and thither in her balcony like a frightened bird in a cage. Juliet has no genuine expectation of seeing Romeo again that night, until he responds to her. Even then he is unseen to her; for before she continues she names him again, and he comes out of his hiding-place, having in all probability strayed no further than the shadow of the balcony itself.

There was subdued humour—it might have been less subdued without verging upon the farcical—in the scene at the close of the second act, where Juliet impatiently extracts from the Nurse the message from Romeo. Mme. Modjeska's cat-like movements round and round the Nurse, as she coaxed her secret from her, were well devised, and so was the sudden outburst of temper when that very desultory personage gave as Romeo's message:—

Your love says like an honest gentleman,
"Where is your mother?"

Until the fourth act Mme. Modjeska varied her style very little; she was the same nervous and excited, but somewhat suppressed, person that she had been since the garden scene. It was in the scene where she drinks the contents of the phial in her bedroom that she finally persuaded us that Juliet is a character that she should never attempt to personate. The eccentricities of this performance seemed to us monotonous and dispiriting to the last degree. In the midst of her wailings, Juliet suddenly throws open a window, and floods herself with glaring light, as though at the thought of being stifled in the darkness of the vault, it became necessary for her to breathe and see. This should be done in a quieter manner, however, to obtain a proper result; like many of the other features of this part of the performance, it is violent, exaggerated, and unnecessary. When, finally, Mme. Modjeska rushes towards the bed, trips over something, clutches at a very rotten curtain which comes away bodily, and rolls herself round and round in it, the only feeling of the spectator when the scene closes is one of relief.

Mr. Forbes Robertson acted Romeo perhaps better than any part he has yet taken; his appearance was very striking and attractive. He threw considerable passion and a fantastic sort of tenderness into the part, which would have claimed almost unabated praise if the elocution had been more distinct. In Mr. Wilson Barrett we were presented with a Mercutio whose performance was really the most interesting of the evening. He delivered the long and difficult speech beginning

O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you,
by which his first introduction is made to the audience, rather too rapidly. The opening words were almost lost, but he gained distinctness as he proceeded; and the lines

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees that dream on courties straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream

could not have been better given, or with more agreeable variety.

Mr. Barrett's manly bearing and bright flow of animal spirits were needed to raise the temperature of a play that is almost over-weighted with the extremes of love and death. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare intended the gay rattle of Mercutio to serve this end, and indeed he is one of the liveliest and most charming creations of his author. Mr. Barrett acted with great vivacity, and his voice is not only well trained, but held under strong control. For the other gallants, Montagues and Capulets, we have no other advice than this, that they should go through a course of lessons in the elements of distinct utterance before they take upon themselves again to render Shakespeare's blank verse in public. The Nurse was acted carefully, but far too heavily and dolefully, by Miss Le Thiere. We want, in such a play as *Romeo and Juliet*, all the fun and brightness that we can get, and for the Nurse to turn lachrymose and descend into the vale of tears is the last straw that breaks the back of our endurance. The merits of Mr. Ryder's Friar Laurence were already well known. Of Gregory the less said the better. The text used was one laudably close to the original.

One of our comic contemporaries takes occasion of Mr. Booth's last performance at the Princess's to indulge in a tirade against almost everything connected with the stage that is not burlesque and melodrama. We have not met with so charming an utterance of the undiluted 'Arry for a long time. Mr. Booth's acting, it appears, has not a single merit, although Mr. Irving admires it; it belongs to the wretched school of Macready, the Kembles, and Phelps; and his hopeless state is clearly indicated by his production of a play of Shakespeare's, which, if it had been "the work of a modern dramatic author, would most assuredly have been hissed off the stage." It is, no doubt, salutary to students of the human mind to observe even 'Arry in this beautiful frankness of his, naked of all taste, yet unashamed.

REVIEWS.

ANTHROPOLOGY.*

MANUALS and "Series" are too much with us, and it must be frankly confessed that Mr. Tylor's new book is a manual, and is one of a series. But if all manuals were like this, a generation over-educated for its intellect would have no reason to complain. We are weary of popularizations of knowledge, of books in which information is reduced to a pulpy condition for the benefit of feeble and indolent minds. But Mr. Tylor's work is of a higher

* *Anthropology: an Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization.* By E. B. Tylor, D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

order. His volume seems to us to serve a double purpose. It is a most attractive and entertaining introduction to the science of anthropology, the science which "seeks to understand how mankind came to be as they are, and to live as they do." Mr. Tylor has acquired the art of teaching without appearing to condescend to the ignorant. His writing is clear and luminous, and his arrangement more masterly than it was in his *Primitive Culture*, an excellent book, but certainly less well ordered than this unpretending manual. Perhaps it is practice in lecturing to popular audiences that has thus improved Mr. Tylor's method. He invariably starts from what is known and familiar to all, and so proceeds to what is less known and more difficult, illustrating all his statements by examples of the highest interest. Thus a reader who may happen never to have thought about anthropology, acquires, in perusing the manual, a lively interest in the subject, and the knowledge of a well-reasoned theory. But Mr. Tylor's manual has another merit. The confirmed anthropologist, no less than the beginner, finds his profit in the manual, which is a brief abstract and compendium of the best and soundest thought on the subject.

The natural history of man has always been interesting to man. How did our race come on the earth? Whence came the varieties of races and breeds? How did we acquire language and the arts? The lowest savages, no less than the highest modern intellects, habitually busy themselves with these questions. A great part of savage mythology consists of stories which are really anthropological speculations. For example, the degraded Digger Indians have their own theory of the origin of man. At first all Indians were Coyotes, a kind of wolf. They began to assume the shape of man, but it was a slow transformation. Just as Mr. Tylor says the horse once had five toes, which shrank into one toe, with the hoof for nail, so the Po-to-yan-te say man began with one finger, one eye, one ear, and gradually developed the present number of these features. Our tails, say the Po-to-yan-te, we wore off by sitting on them, and they greatly regret the loss of so fashionable an ornament. Mr. Tylor, too, assures us that our skeletons have rudimentary tails. Then, again, as to the diversity of races which Mr. Tylor treats of, the Winnebagoes partly explain it by saying that the Great Spirit created white men to make weapons for the poor Indians. Here we have early teleology and a scheme of creation in place of the theory of evolution as maintained by the Po-to-yan-te. And the Winnebagoes seem to have quite as much sense on their side as the Boers, who explain to the Zulus "that we black people have no spirit, but that we should be burnt, and are like a dog that has no spirit."

But we must leave Mr. Tylor's savage precursors in the study of anthropology, and merely congratulate him and the science of our time on having got rid of doctrines no less puerile than those of the earliest negro thinkers. Mr. Tylor writes with as much caution as learning, and treads very lightly over the volcanic ground of evolution. His first chapter deals with the time probably required for the development of the existing races. He believes in the unity of the human stock; "it naturally suggests itself that the races of man may be accounted for as breeds, varied from one original stock." The evidence as to the possibility of crossing between all races "goes to prove that all the varieties of man are of one species." But the testimony of the Egyptian pictures of four thousand years ago makes it certain that the black, brown, yellow, and white races had already settled into their well-known features. The Hebrew, the negro, and the fair-haired tribes, possibly akin to the Greeks, are easily recognizable in the Egyptian paintings on the walls of the British Museum. We must ascertain causes strong enough, and allow for time long enough for the differentiation of types which was already established four thousand years ago. As to time, there is plenty of that, and we can make allowances "as rich men give that care not for their gifts." But causes are further to seek, though Mr. Tylor looks on it as certain that "there is a real connexion between the colour of races and the climate they belong to." He conceives that the comparatively fair race of Bushmen may be a special modification of the sun-blackened negro—the darkest type being principally found in a tropical climate. But Mr. Tylor admits that "to account for the origin of the great primary varieties or races themselves, and exactly to assign them their earliest homes, cannot be usefully attempted in the present scantiness of evidence." We entirely agree with him, and would sooner hold with the opinion of the Winnebagoes than with the enterprising writer who finds the "cradle of the Aryan race" in the northern part of the Arctic circle.

Mr. Tylor's second chapter, a very interesting one, deals with the connexion between man and the lower animals. "No competent anatomist who has examined the bodily structure of these apes" (gorillas, gibbons, and others) "considers it possible that man can be descended from any of them," which is a comfortable doctrine. But Mr. Tylor thinks that, in comparing man with the lower animals, "it is wrong to set down his pre-eminence entirely to his mind, without noticing the superiority of his limbs as instruments for practical arts." But man's limbs must enjoy this superiority for one of two reasons. Either he was created with these instruments ready made, in which case his relations to the lower animals become less interesting and scientifically important; or he improved his natural instruments, his limbs, in accordance with the directions of his intellect, which thus, after all, is the cause of his pre-eminence. A Belgian artist paints, and even paints well, with his toes, not because his toes are as useful as the ape's, but because his intellect enables him to adapt them to their task. The

real interest of the relations between man and the animals appears to us to lie in the pathetic failure of the lower creatures to cross the "uno'er-leaped mountains of necessity" which hem them in so much more closely than ourselves. As an example, we quote Mr. Tylor's account of poor Mafuka:—

The anthropoid ape Mafuka, kept lately in the Zoological Gardens at Dresden, saw how the door of her cage was unlocked, and not only did it herself, but even stole the key and hid it under her arm for future use; after watching the carpenter she seized his bradawl and bored holes with it through the little table she had her meals on; at her meals she not only filled her own cup from the jug, but, what is more remarkable, she carefully stopped pouring before it ran over. The death of this ape had an almost human pathos; when her friend the director of the gardens came to her, she put her arms round his neck, kissed him three times, and then lay down on her bed, and giving him her hand fell into her last sleep.

The bulk of the manual is naturally occupied with an account of the rise of the arts and institutions by virtue of which man has come to be civilized. The greater part of this information is not, of course, new to students who have interested themselves in the development of society. It is Mr. Tylor's merit to have told the story, which he had already done so much to elucidate in his former books, with singular clearness and brevity; while he has marked opinions of his own on such questions, for example, as the nature of early language, he carefully avoids disputes, criticisms of others, and controversy. Nobody knows but an anthropologist how difficult it is to avoid riding off at adventure on a favourite hobby-horse, and breaking lances with opponents all over the field of battle. Mr. Tylor might have been excused if he had given more space to an account of the distribution of games, which he has made the subject of special researches. But he strictly subordinates what is of mere accidental interest to that which is essential. We have never read so clear and simple an account as that given by him of the singular philological processes by which the African and North American races construct their sentences. His chapter on writing traces the art from the pictures of the Chippewa to the hieroglyphics and hieratic character of the Egyptians, and thence to the improvements of the Phoenicians. Of all races, not excepting the Chinese, the Egyptians were the most strangely conservative. They did not mind advancing in religion or in the art of writing, but they insisted on dragging the burden of a savage past into the midst of civilization. Thus they worshipped beasts as devoutly as the Ainos, while they had developed a complicated theosophy, and along with their spelt words they mixed up old picture-signs like those which are growing obsolete in the Rocky Mountains. The Phoenicians, being aliens, had no reason for keeping up a mere superfluous survival. They dropped the pictures, selected what signs they needed, and improved them into the origin of our modern alphabets. Mr. Tylor traces as distinctly the progress of Chinese writing from "the ancient pictures," the early Chinese character, which were rapid pictorial sketches, to "the meaningless looking cursive forms now in use." Yet, when the Chinese word *chow* means, not "ship," or "basin," or "loquacity," but "fluff," the volatile character of this particular sort of *chow* is indicated by a sketch of two recognizable feathers. Mr. Tylor steers clear of the recent theory of the Chaldaean origin of the Chinese characters.

There are, of course, a few points even in a book where controversy is avoided, about which a determined critic might pick a quarrel with Mr. Tylor. He thinks "fly-fishing seems to have been unknown in ancient times," meaning, we suppose, angling with the artificial fly. If this were the case, it would be vain for pessimists to deny the doctrine of human progress. But does not Oppian describe the "flee-heuks" of a period which, in this connexion, may be called ancient? In the matter of tattooing, we think that early man everywhere much more frequently blazoned himself with his crest than any one would gather from Mr. Tylor's observation, "the tribe or nation a negro belongs to may be indicated by his mark." Mr. Tylor's chapter on "The Spirit World" is in harmony with his chapters on "Animism" in *Primitive Culture*, and we think he has treated too sketchily the important chapter of Vampires. What is the evidence for the real genuine vampire? We think it is better, and the belief more widely spread, than Mr. Tylor indicates. Too sketchy, also, are the pages on mythology, and Mr. Tylor will never persuade us, "not if he had persuaded us," that the tale of Red Riding Hood has anything to do with the night swallowing the day. He holds, too, that Maui, the New Zealand hero who crept into the old woman's body, and was slain by her, "is really a nature-myth of the setting sun dying as he plunges into darkness." Now what are the facts about Maui? He was a creature born in the good times when there was as yet no death. Unluckily, part of the ceremonies of his baptism were omitted, and he was thus liable to death from the anger of the gods. On reaching his father's village, after performing many of the feats still practised by *tohungas*, or magicians, he was told he must encounter his great ancestress, Hinenuitepo. *He had already subdued the sun*, and drawn up an island from the sea-deeps, so he went boldly for Hinenuitepo, taking all the little birds (the familiars of sorcerers) for his companions. He warned the birds not to laugh, as he crept into the gigantic body of the old chieftainess, as Hiawatha, Waimoinen, and other heroes crept into fishes. But one little bird laughed, and wakened the monster, who snapped up Maui. "This was the cause of the introduction of death into the world." The story seems to us to be a savage myth, like those common from Kamtschatka to the Cape, explanatory of the events which "brought death into the world, and all our woe."

If we were to go on with minute objections, we might carp at

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Mr. Tylor's statement (p. 358), "The idea of the divine ancestor may even be carried back far enough to reach supreme deity, as when the Zulus, working back from ghostly ancestor to ancestor, talk of Unkulunkulu, the Old-old one, as the creator of the world." But the Zulus do not "work back" to Unkulunkulu; no one can work back to him, his stock is lost, and, far from being "supreme deity," he is not worshipped at all, precisely because no one can trace to him, and no one owes him the sacrifices paid to ancestral *itongo*, where the pedigree is clear. Also Unkulunkulu is much more the first man than the creator. "He exists no longer. As my grandfather no longer exists, he, too, no longer exists; he died," a Zulu told Bishop Callaway. And, with scarcely a protest from a Zulu dissenter, this seems to be the voice of Zulu orthodox tradition. But Mr. Tylor may have other sources of information, and we only mention a few trifling differences of opinion, that we may be true to the quarrelsome practice of anthropologists, a practice from which Mr. Tylor consistently departs.

A CHILD OF NATURE.*

IT occurred to us several times in reading this interesting romance that possibly in novel-writing Mr. Buchanan had discovered the one sort of literary work for which his talents were thoroughly and not merely partially fitted. But this is not our final opinion as we close the volumes. We find in them, as we have found before in Mr. Buchanan's dramas, poems, essays, and criticisms, a considerable amount of cleverness, quickness of perception, sense of natural and emotional beauty, all spoiled and rendered fruitless by that inherent want of distinction, in both senses of the word, which is perhaps the most fatal want that a literary artist can have. Mr. Buchanan is a chameleon for versatility; he can adopt at a moment's warning the colour and style of any author or school of authors—for instance, he can be distractingly like Mr. William Black—but he never has displayed, except sometimes in his wrath, a manner which can be recognized as individual to himself. Again, he is often instigated, apparently in all sincerity, by large and generous aims, unselfish enthusiasms, and warm impulses; but he can never quite throw off a twang of what we must be permitted to call vulgarity. The character of Sir Charles Sedley, in the book before us, is an instance in point. The self-seeking of this personage is placed as a foil to the nobility of Graham with a perfectly legitimate intention; but the character of the aristocrat is drawn with so much coarseness that our indignation is instinctively transferred from Sir Charles to the novelist who has offended by creating him. So much it seemed necessary to say in connecting *A Child of Nature* with Mr. Buchanan's other productions. If we consider it by itself, and as a "novel of the week," it calls for considerable praise and comparatively little blame.

The opening chapters are exceedingly interesting and effective. A young gentleman, who chooses to call himself Lawrence, is discovered on board his yacht, beating to and fro off the mouth of Loch Uriol, which seems to be a birth in the north of Sutherlandshire very lightly disguised indeed, especially as, by a slip of the pen, the cliffs of Tongue are in one instance described as rising to the east of it. Lawrence has on board a crew of Celts only, with but one of whom he can hold any converse in English. On the night in question they find that a squall is coming on, and that the entrance to the loch is so extremely narrow, and so beset with sunken rocks, that it would be madness to try and enter without a pilot. So the little yacht is kept running to and fro on the wind just off the shore; but for a whole hour no notice is taken of her, and as the night falls the danger becomes extreme. They are just determining to try a run down the coast when the keen ear of the skipper catches the sound of oars, and a small boat, rowed by a woman, shoots out of the shadow of the hills. A slim girl-like figure springs on board, speaks in Gaelic to the sailors, and peremptorily takes the helm. With marvellous skill she brings the yacht through the narrows, and disappears in her boat before the astonished Lawrence has time to thank her. He is still more amazed to find that no one can, or will, give him any account of her, and for the time being he sees her no more. But the novelist takes his readers into his confidence, and we are introduced to the mysterious maiden as she slips up the loch from the side of the yacht. Half way up the winding stretch of waters she begins to sing to herself:—

The girl rowed on, singing like one in a dream. Suddenly she paused, conscious of something dark floating behind her in the moonlight—a small black object, which oscillated like a leather bottle, and now and then disappeared with a splash. As she leant on her oars, still intoning, it came nearer, and showed the head of some animal swimming in the water.

"Eearach! Eearach!" cried the girl.

The animal came nearer, within a few feet of the boat, and showed the head of a large seal, with eyes which attentively regarded the speaker.

"Eearach! Eearach!" repeated the girl, in a low, coaxing voice, leaning over the side of the boat, and stretching her hand towards the animal. Strange to say, it swam closer, uttering a low cry, and rubbing against the side of the boat, suffered her to pass her hand again and again over its slippery head.

This romantic playmate is destined to fill an important link in the development of the story. Meanwhile, we are introduced to the home of the girl herself. She is the niece of the minister of Uriol, the Rev. Norman Macdonald, who is an old bachelor, and

who has brought up Mina, the seal's friend, as his daughter, in the manse. She, of course, is the "child of nature," from whom the book takes its title. She has had schooling of two kinds; her uncle has taught her English, Gaelic, and Latin, and has made her the companion of his scholastic labours, and a grim giant of a fisherman, called Koll Nicholson, has undertaken her outdoor education in rowing and steering, climbing, shooting, and fishing, so that she is at the age of nineteen as agile and skilful in these pursuits as any young Highland gillie. Her one brother, Graham, whose temperament closely resembles hers, has left the wilds of Sutherlandshire to look out for a living in the South; his nature is even more passionate and impatient of restraint than that of his sister; and, indeed, the most fitting name for the novel would be "Two Children of Nature."

It very soon appears that the so-called Mr. Lawrence, the bronzed young gentleman of twenty-nine whose yacht was saved by Miss Mina, is no less a person than Lord Arranmore, who is paying a first visit to his ancestral possessions, and wishes to observe the state of things all unobserved. He goes out seal-shooting, and is just going to sacrifice poor Eearach to his ambition, when the mistress of Eearach darts down upon him, and knocks his rifle out of his hand. In this boisterous and indignant maiden he recognizes the saviour of his yacht, and he precipitately falls in love. It would not be fair to Mr. Buchanan to tell in detail the really very pretty and affecting circumstances of this courtship, which, however, it must be acknowledged, remind us at first a little too obviously of those in the *Princess of Thule*. Lord Arranmore, however, is in a worse position than Lavender, for, although he chooses to forget it, he is really engaged to be married to a proud English coquette, Miss Ethel Sedley. This lady and her father appear unexpectedly upon the scenes, and fill everybody with dismay. Mina Macdonald sees no more of Lord Arranmore, and her brother Graham returns home only to fall desperately in love with the impracticable Miss Sedley. The remainder of the plot must be palpable to the most ingenuous mind. Given two children of nature, and two young aristocratic persons of warm feelings, but, although betrothed to one another, not in love with one another, the game is within three volumes to separate the engaged couple in an honourable manner, and bestow upon each of them the hand of one child of nature. This Mr. Buchanan succeeds in doing in a more or less conventional way, and leaves us hanging over the perilous brink of a double matrimony.

Some curious studies of Highland character preserve the latter part of the story from being absolutely insignificant. Koll Nicholson, the white-bearded old ruffian who attempts to murder the second heroine out of devotion to the first heroine, is a child of nature of a very sinister type, but not at all without interest of a romantic kind. But better conceived in every respect is Angus nan Choan, or Angus of the Dogs, a sort of shrewd lazy fool, with a kindly paternal passion for all sorts of canine waifs and strays. This innocent creature, after spending all his life in Sutherlandshire, goes South for a while, and finds life very hard in civilized parts. His description of his visit to Glasgow is admirable, with its touch of resentment against the police—"at ilka street corner there's a blackguard in black ready to take up any decent man that asks help for the love o' God." But we prefer to quote the passage in which he presents to Miss Mina Macdonald an exceedingly low-spirited black-and-tan terrier, much bedraggled with the rain:—

"I found him up a dark entry in the ceety of Glasgow, sleeping his lane, out of the cold, in a place where I meant to sleep myself, for ne'er a soul would gie a decent man a bed; and he was starvairg, and I gied him meat; and he was cauld, and I warmed him here on my ain naked flesh. Then I thought I'd bring him back wi' me to Uriol, as a present to the colleen with the bird's voice; for, look you, my braw leddy" (here he addressed himself to Mina), "the dog is a good dog, wi' real blood in't him, though he had fallen on evil ways. It's no me that would come here asking your acceptance o' a beast o' nae quality, after aal you've done and said to me and mine."

Thereupon, better to illustrate the "game" qualities of the animal, Angus proceeded to lift him by various parts of his person successively—by the tip of the ear, by the mouth, by the skin of the neck, by the tip of the tail—all which indignities the unfortunate stranger bore without a murmur, though his eye was fixed, as if in sullen protest, on the face of the mendicant.

"There!" said Angus, in a tone of approbation; "you'll ne'er regret his keep. It'll dae your heart goot to see him on rats, and the weasel doesn't walk he willna face. You'll find him a constant source of devairion, and muckle sport he'll bring you."

The description of the fair at Stornoway, at the close of the first volume, combines a variety of striking features of Highland life, and might indeed be extracted without injury to the story as a telling magazine article. This suggests, perhaps, the weakest point in the romance—its desultory and fragmentary style, as if the romantic story had been devised on second thoughts, as a thread on which to hang a series of isolated sketches. Mr. Buchanan ought to be able to construct a better novel than *A Child of Nature*.

SAINTSBURY'S DRYDEN.*

IT was full time that a place should be found for Dryden in Mr. John Morley's rapidly growing series of *English Men of Letters*; and it was for more reasons than one fitting that the

* *A Child of Nature. A Romance.* By Robert Buchanan. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

* *English Men of Letters.—Dryden.* By G. Saintsbury. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

task of writing the life "of the greatest craftsman in English letters" should be assigned to the skilled hand of Mr. Saintsbury. If he has by no means exhausted his theme under its various aspects, he has at least remembered what some of his fellow-contributors to this series of biographies appear to have forgotten; that the first and most important question connected with the life of a literary man concerns the services rendered by him to literature. For dealing with this question in the case of Dryden, Mr. Saintsbury is peculiarly qualified by his habit of appreciating what is excellent in literary workmanship because it is excellent, and not because it is English or French, Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant; as well as by the sympathy which naturally attracts him to a great author whose good name, literary or other, has more than once "fallen among the Philistines." To speak in the first instance of one of the most distinguished of Dryden's more recent assailants, Mr. Saintsbury certainly puts the case anything but strongly when he observes of the late Mr. Christie that, while he is generally admirable in his judgments of Dryden's literary work, *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medal* had steeled Shaftesbury's biographer against Dryden's personal character. Though Mr. Christie was never wanting either in readiness or in ability to enter upon an elaborate defence of the correctness of his own views (an ample instance of this in connexion with Dryden lies buried among the files of a Scottish daily newspaper), yet our respect for his abilities and his integrity cannot prevent us from regretting, as in its way a real calamity, the publication in his otherwise excellent *Globe* edition of his ungenerous and misleading life of the poet. In Mr. Saintsbury's hands the great literary champion of the Stuarts was not likely either to be tried on the principles of the glorious Revolution, or to be belaboured by a Protestant flail. Nothing, we may say at once, could be in better accordance with justice and with common sense than Mr. Saintsbury's summary statement of the history of Dryden's religious conversion; though there is one incidental matter on which we should be inclined to take a view differing from his. No question, it is obvious, could be more barren or "saw-dustish" than this; whether James II.'s renewal of the pension granted to Dryden half-a-dozen years before by Charles II. preceded or followed the poet's change of faith, inasmuch as the sole reason for the necessity of the renewal was a technical one. At the same time, in view of the passage cited by Mr. Christie from Evelyn's *Diary*, it can hardly be doubted that Dryden was on the eve of declaring himself a convert, if he had not actually declared himself such, six weeks before the renewal of the pension. A more serious discussion might be raised on the theory of a connexion between Dryden's supposed unsteadiness in matters of faith and his supposed immorality in matters of conduct. But nothing could be more absurd than to carry on such an argument before both assumptions had been proved to be founded on fact. In his thoroughly reasonable remarks on the *Religio Laici* Mr. Saintsbury places Dryden's "inconsistency" in the proper light; "consistency," he says, "was in no matter Dryden's great characteristic, and the arguments of *Religio Laici* are not more inconsistent with the arguments of *The Hind and the Panther* than the handling of the question of rhymed plays in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* is with the arguments against them in the prefaces and dissertations subsequent to *Aurengzebe*." It was, in short, a question of "first thoughts" and second thoughts; nor, in all probability, had Dryden long entertained definite opinions before he began to think of changing them. His present biographer rightly resents the ignoble imputation that he would afterwards have changed them again, had it been worth his while. "I cannot," Dryden writes in 1699, in the charming letter towards the close of this biography, "forsake my religion; because I know not what Church to go to if I leave the Catholique; they are all so divided amongst themselves in matters of faith necessary to salvation, and yet all assuming the name of Protestants. May God be pleased to open your eyes, as he has open'd mine! Truth is but one; and they who have once heard of it can plead no excuse if they do not embrace it." "Such an omniscient Church" the author of the *Religio Laici* had already "wished"; and the difficulty cannot have been great in the wish becoming belief, or remaining it.

As to Dryden's immorality, the indictment of course resolves itself into two parts—a charge of profligacy against his plays, and one of looseness against his life. On the former head there is no need to add anything to the confessions made by Mr. Saintsbury (who is almost pathetic on his author's "scarcely ever wholly quotable lyrics," and might in a similar mood have regretted the mixture of grossness and fire in *Amphytrion*), anticipated as these confessions have been by those of other candid admirers of the poet, and by those of the poet himself. And it must be allowed that, his doubtless honestly-meant regrets notwithstanding, his offences, whatever may be their relation in degree or amount to the sins of some of his contemporaries, have an impudent exuberance about them which is very imperfectly described as resembling "the forced impudence of a timid man." On the other hand, it would be difficult to gainsay the opinion of Dryden's present biographer that the charges against the poet's own life break down altogether. A certain amount of suspicion will hardly fail to attach to the circumstances of his marriage, and the late Mr. R. Bell and Mr. Saintsbury will not be held to have quite demolished the scandal about Mrs. Reeve. But Mr. Christie's curt sentence, "Dryden was a libertine," and Mr. J. R. Green's application to the representative Restoration author of M. Taine's ingenious notion that the English society of this age tried to be as wicked as its poor powers would allow it to be, are equally un-

tenable. It is perhaps more strange that Sir Walter Scott should have been misled by the occurrence of a single piece of old-fashioned grossness in Dryden's letter to his cousin Honour, into describing it as "a woeful piece of the gallantry of the time, alternately coarse and pedantic."

In writing the personal life of Dryden under such aspects as are open to a biographer (and they are fewer than might perhaps at first sight appear), Mr. Saintsbury therefore had something in the way of carelessness and something in the way of prejudice to contend against and to correct. His estimate of his author's literary achievements, on the other hand—though in this respect also the tide until recently ran against Dryden—can hardly be said to have been beset by similar difficulties. Had this, however, been the case, Mr. Saintsbury's neat critical formulae would have helped him to surmount or circumvent the most formidable obstacles. "What constitutes a great poet is supremacy in his own line of expression," shown, of course, "in work of sufficient bulk and variety." What constitutes a "poetical critic worth his salt" is to be able unhesitatingly to lay his finger on the signs of such pre-eminence. In any case, Mr. Saintsbury is indisputably right in insisting upon the primary importance of the changes or reforms introduced by Dryden in far greater measure than by any other individual author into the form of English literature, both in verse and (as is far less generally remembered) in prose. If there was some arrogance there was also some truth, in the boast which he uttered, at the very time when second and "fifth-rate" wits were banding together against him and his school, that "our native language" was now "more refined and free" than in the much-lauded Elizabethan days themselves. Occasionally, however, in the arguments by which he supports his general position, Mr. Saintsbury seems to us to trench upon the over-subtle, or even the paradoxical. Dryden's want of originality in the choice of his themes (should not, by the by, a redeeming exception be allowed in favour of *Mac Flecknoe*?) is described as perhaps an advantage rather than the contrary to one whose task it was "to control the peaceable revolution of a literature." Of this revolution itself the course is at times rather arbitrarily marked out. From some points of view it is surprising to find Cowley, next to Dryden the most magnificent, but occasionally also one of the most extravagant, of our panegyrical poets, enrolled as a member of the "school of good sense" which Mr. Saintsbury contrasts with the Fantastics. And, though the better part of *Hudibras* may have been written before the Restoration, yet it seems questionable to deny to Butler a share in the reform with which the Restoration authors are here identified. He says of himself that he could, if he chose, "make verses without art or wit" were he less scrupulous; and at least regarded himself as a contributor to the literary movement which strove in the direction of terseness and propriety of diction. With regard, we may say in passing, to Butler's supposed share in the *Rehearsal*, we quite agree with Mr. Saintsbury that there is in it nothing so good as the "Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Caterwauling"; on the other hand, we cannot share his displeasure at the fact that the *Rehearsal* does not now make a good acting play; for what modern audience can be expected to recognize parodies on Stapylton and the Howards, or even on Davenant, or (as a dramatist) Dryden himself? And unfortunately modern tragedies are too few and too thin to furnish forth fresh stock for the *olla podrida* of the burlesque.

But, quite apart from the attacks of contemporary critics, the drama of the Restoration is a branch of its literature of the Restoration as to which Mr. Saintsbury—and with him Mr. E. W. Gosse in his interesting paper on Etheredge in the March number of the *Cornhill Magazine*—are specially desirous of correcting what they consider a prevalent blunder or series of blunders. Mr. Gosse is very wrath with those who think that rhymed dramatic verse and the lighter form of comedy were introduced simultaneously with the Restoration, whereas they did not begin to flourish till 1664, when Etheredge produced the *Comical Revenge*. Mr. Saintsbury, in his pointed way, complains that

the blundering attribution of Dryden and his rivals to Corneille and Racine—the more blundering attributions of Corneille and Racine to the Scudéry romance (as if somebody should father Shelley on "Monk" Lewis) has been generally accepted without much hesitation, though Dryden himself has pointed out that there is but little connexion between the French and the English drama; and though the history of the French drama itself is perfectly intelligible, and by no means difficult to trace.

The point in the comparison to "Monk" Lewis certainly escapes us, inasmuch as, though the refinement of *Le Grand Cyrus* is not the refinement of *Bérénice*, it is a real refinement after all. The tragedies of Corneille and Racine are assuredly to be held apart from, though they can hardly be regarded as wholly uninfluenced by, the school satirized by Boileau; and, numerous as were the translations and reproductions of Corneille and Racine in the generation following upon the Restoration, they cannot be said to have moulded the style or manner of any tragic dramatist of high mark in this age. But Mr. Saintsbury, though he does not dispute, certainly appears in the passage cited to obscure, the fact that the direct debt of the English heroic plays to the French romances of the Scudéry school was very considerable, and that, indeed, it is difficult to conceive of the existence of the former without the inspiration of the latter. To France, he says, our heroic drama "owed little more than its rhymed dialogue, and perhaps something of its sighs and flames." Considering to how large an extent the matter of these plays consists of the sighs and flames in question, some importance must be said to attach to the

interpretation of the word "perhaps"—a favourite with Mr. Saintsbury—in this sentence.

But, whether or not part of his argument may be overstated, we rejoice that Dryden's claim to be remembered not only as a great, but as a great English, writer should have been fearlessly vindicated by his most recent critic. "Perhaps the most English of all English writers," he calls him in an early passage of this biography; nor is the hyperbole, if it be such, inadmissible in the case of a genius so richly endowed, and so free and even haphazard in the use of its endowments. Dryden's literary life resembles the political career of more than one distinguished Englishman who could afford changes which are nearly all that the world contrives to remember in the history of lesser men. And the progress of this career reflects itself in the growth of the qualities of his style and diction till, as Mr. Saintsbury well says, in the meridian of his powers the classical and the Gallican tendencies of the time, and his own perfect command of English, had "produced a dialect which, if not the most graceful that the language has ever known, is perhaps the strongest and most nervous." Will it be out of place if we express a hope that later masters of style will, like Dryden, learn to eschew the Gallicizing fashions of their own day? Mr. Saintsbury himself seems at times to obey less independent influences, and repeatedly introduces French phrases which may or may not have precise English equivalents, but which Dryden's method, as a translator, might have taught his biographer either boldly to English or boldly to omit. But this habit, and a few mannerisms such as the intolerably frequent use of the word "work" in the special sense in which it pleases the younger "Athenians" of the present day to employ it, may be passed by. The spirit of the book, as becomes its theme, is a genuinely free and fresh one.

A word in conclusion as to an early page of this biography referring to Dryden's University career. We are not about to attempt any explanation of Dryden's insult to his own University, which Mr. Saintsbury very properly treats as such, but which he might have spared sensitive "Thebans" the pain of having to read at length twice over. We refer rather to the *obiter dictum*, that Dryden's election to a Westminster scholarship at the age of nineteen is "an instance, among many, of the complete mistake of supposing that very early entrance into the Universities was the rule before our own days." On referring to Mr. Christopher Wordsworth's admirable volume, we find this observation fairly borne out so far as the eighteenth century is concerned; but, what is more directly to the purpose in the present instance, he cites in a note a passage in [Fachard's] *Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy*, showing "that sixteen was the ordinary age for lads to come up in 1670, so that they would be eligible for Holy Orders 'after seven years being at the University.'" And entries at an even earlier age must have then been at least frequent, though, as Mr. Wordsworth says, the case of "Granville the polite," who in 1667 entered as a nobleman at Trinity before he had completed his tenth year, must, together with a parallel case a few years later in date, be regarded as exceptional.

REDHOUSE'S MESNAVI.*

THE performances of the Dancing Dervishes—solemn-looking persons in long petticoats and conical caps who whirl round and round like human teetotums to the strains of a few fooling tifes and the cadence of a monotonous Persian song—are well known enough to tourists in Eastern cities, but few suspect the great antiquity and interest of the exhibition. The sect to which we in Europe give the undignified name of "dancing" or "whirling dervishes" is the most important of all the orders of Oriental illuminati, and is known as the Mevleviye, from the founder Mevlâna Jelâlu-d-din, "Our Lord Jelâl-ud-din." This distinguished mystic was the scion of a princely house, being descended from Abu Bekr, father-in-law of the prophet Mohammed, and was himself a grandson of the actual Kharezmian ruler of Balkh. He settled at Iconium, where he founded a Dervish college, and enjoyed a wide reputation as a saint, a worker of miracles, and an inspired poet. The peculiar philosophical and religious tenets which he professed are better known under the name of Sufism, and consist chiefly in the assumption that God is the only actual and real existence, everything else being merely hypothetical, and that man's highest and ultimate aim is reabsorption into the Divine Principle from which he has sprung. This doctrine has much in common with Buddhism, as well as many points of contact with Vedic philosophy, and has served as a means for perpetuating the deeply rooted ideas of Aryan faith amongst peoples who were compelled to adopt the unsuitable trappings of a Semitic creed like Islam.

The Mesnavi, or "rhyming couplets," as the name signifies, is a complete exposition of Sufi doctrines, illustrated with numberless tales, apogees, and scraps of history, and is the work of the illustrious Jelâlu-d-Din himself. Next to the Korân, it is more highly esteemed by Shiah Moslems than perhaps any other work, and it has even earned some popularity in Europe, where, however, it is only known from a few fragmentary translations. The complete work consists of six books, containing 26,660 couplets, to which some authorities add a seventh book, to make up the number of the "seven planets," the "seven zones," and the "seven heavens,"

although the authenticity of the supplementary portion is more than doubtful. This long didactic poem is, as might be expected, very unequal in merit, grand and noble thoughts, exquisite language and imagery, and apposite illustrations being mixed up with much that is dull, commonplace, and stupid. It would appear from internal evidence that the master dictated it from day to day to his amanuensis, Husâmu-d-Din; began each sitting with energy and poetic ardour, and finished with prosy repetition consequent on drowsiness and fatigue. To clear away all the rubbish, and present the European reader with a trustworthy account of the residue, would be a great boon to literature, folk-lore, and philosophy; but no one has as yet come forward to undertake the task. The next most desirable thing was for some scholar to produce a complete translation of the whole—to do, in fact, for the Mesnavi what the late Jules Mohl has done for the great Persian Epic, the *Shahnameh*. The announcement of a rendering of the work by Mr. Redhouse, one of the very first and soundest Oriental scholars of the day, therefore excited no common interest; and the volume before us, if not quite fulfilling all the expectations which such an announcement raised, is at least a very important contribution to Eastern learning. It contains the first of the six books of the Mesnavi, translated entirely, and with scrupulous accuracy, and preceded by a number of biographical anecdotes illustrative of the life of the author and his immediate predecessors, contemporaries, and successors, as well as of the beliefs and superstitions of the mystics of the time. By what we cannot help thinking an unfortunate error in judgment, a metrical form has been adopted in the translation, and a certain want of technical facility which the versification displays is apt to distract the reader's attention from the intrinsic merits of the book. When, however, one becomes used to the style, its reflection of the depth of thought and beauty of diction for which the original is so conspicuous cannot fail to charm.

The poem opens with some lines in praise of the reed-flute, Jelâlu-d-Din having sanctioned the introduction of music and song as an accompaniment to the religious exercises of his followers. The reed is made to sigh for its separation from its home amid the rushes by the river-side, and the plaintive notes which it utters are said to be in unison with absent lovers' passionate moods because of this inherent sympathy. We then pass on to the first story, the moral of which sounds rather strangely to our ears. A mighty prince while out hunting sees a maiden whom he falls desperately in love with and purchases of her father. The girl is no sooner brought to the palace than she falls ill, and the court physicians are unable to afford her any relief; at length a mysterious visitor arrives, and undertakes to effect a cure. During an interview with the patient he discovers that her indisposition is due to the loss of her lover, a young goldsmith whom she had left behind in Samarcand. The king is easily persuaded to send for the youth, promotes him to high office, and unites him with the object of his affections, and in consequence of the removal of her secret care the girl quickly recovers her health and good looks. When the physician has achieved this desirable object he administers slow poison to the goldsmith, who in his turn loses health and all his youthful charms, and presently dies, an object of disgust and loathing to his former loving mistress, whose heart is thus left free to receive the king's amorous advances. The apparently treacherous murder is thus apologized for:—

Our prince was kind and virtuous, wise and just,
A man God-fearing and in God's full trust.
A victim put to death by such a friend
Is slain in error, or for some wise end.
Did not our God mean mercy in His wrath,
How could the God of Mercies thunder forth?
A child may tremble at the lancet's smart,
His mother knows there's healing in the dart.

The next story is intended to show the tendency of the masses to judge by appearances, and the wrong conclusions to which the practice leads them. An oilman, or rather perfumer, had a parrot whose clever talking and tricks were the admiration of the neighbourhood. One day the bird, alarmed at the sudden irruption of a cat into the shop, flew up and upset a valuable pot of oil of roses, and received a blow upon the head from her enraged master which completely denuded her skull of feathers. To the oilman's great grief, the bird now moped and obstinately refused to utter a word; nor could she be prevailed upon to break her silence by any means, until one day a bareheaded mendicant, with a perfectly bald scalp, happened to pass by the shop, and was greeted by Polly with the sarcastic inquiry "if he, too, had been upsetting some one's oil jar?" But these tales are little more than pegs on which to hang moral reflections, philosophic disquisitions, and incidental anecdotes, which occur so frequently that one has some difficulty in following the narrative. The author himself seems often to have lost the thread of his own discourse, and brings himself up with a jerk in couplets such as this, which Mr. Redhouse renders:—

Twould never end the branches of this theme to count,
So let us sip again from our old story's fountain.

The remaining stories are, first, one of a Jewish king whose vizier mutilates himself, and, pretending to flee from his master's wrath and injustice, seeks the camp of the Christians, whose confidence he gains; and, having become their leader, commits suicide, after leaving with them such conflicting instructions that the society is broken up by internecine strife. Another story of a Jewish king follows, which is partly a distorted version of Nebuchadnezzar and the fiery furnace. Next

* *The Mevlevî (our Lord) Jelâlu-d-Din, Muhammed, et Rûmî.*
Book I. Translated, and the Poetry versified, by James W. Redhouse.
London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

comes a fable after the manner of *Aesop*, in which the lion and the other beasts discuss the question of freewill; and then a rather pathetic apologue of a parrot who regains his liberty by feigning death; after this the narrative part grows poorer in plot, while the digressions are more frequent. It is in these very digressions, however, that the chief charm and interest of the book lies, revealing as they do glimpses of so many sides of Oriental life at the remote period (the beginning of the thirteenth century) at which the book was written. One anecdote tells of the simplicity of character and habits of the early Caliphs. When Omar, the successor of Mohammed, had achieved the final triumphs which consolidated the power of El Islam, an ambassador from the Byzantine Emperor came to Arabia to pay homage to the great conqueror on the part of his master. Arrived at Medina, he asked for the Imperial palace, and was much astonished to find that no such building was in existence; after much vain search and inquiry, he was at last directed to the presence of the Caliph, who, dressed in simple Arab garb, was reclining fast asleep and unattended beneath a palm-tree. The simple life of one whose fame had filled the whole world, and still more the discourse which Omar addressed to him on waking up, made so profound an impression upon the Greek ambassador that he then and there embraced the Mohammedan faith. The contrast between the unassuming manners of the early Caliphs and the arrogance and luxury of the later Commanders of the Faithful in their palaces at Damascus or Bagdad was indeed striking. The Arabic annals are full of examples of this, and the incident of the entry of this same Omar into Jerusalem clad in a rough mantle and leading his own camel, like the poorest Desert Arab, is familiar to all readers of the history of the Holy City.

Some of the other smaller anecdotes in the *Mesnavi* are also very remarkable, especially those which embody such popular legends as the following. Solomon, who was king, not only of men, but of the angels, genii, elements, beasts, and birds, was one day holding a court when a poor fellow who was present suddenly exhibited signs of the most extreme terror, and declaring that it was the Angel of Death who had frightened him, begged Solomon to command the wind to convey him far away to Hindustan, which was accordingly done. Another day, when the Angel of Death attended the monarch's levee, the latter asked him how it was that he had driven the poor fellow forth from his home to wander like a waif throughout the world? The Angel answered that God had commanded him to

"Go this very day

And take his soul in Hindustan, his debt to pay."
In wonder then I said within myself: "Had he
A hundred wings in Hindustan he could not be."
But going still to Hindustan by God's command,
There I found him, and took his soul with my own hand.

The figure of Solomon seems to have impressed itself very strongly upon the Arab mind, and not only is the literature full of incidents like the above, but the local legends of the peasantry attribute almost every relic of ancient architecture or engineering skill, especially the Cyclopean structures, to the agency of the genii and demons who served the son of David.

Mr. Redhouse has made the work much more intelligible by prefixing to the poem the biographical anecdotes to which we have already referred. The reader of these will be struck with the similarity which they present to the lives of the Christian saints, especially of those of the more mystical and emotional school. The only difference is that the alleged visions and manifestations of Divine love and union are a little more material, and therefore more shocking among the dreamers of the East than among those of the West; but the supernatural machinery and the motives are in both cases almost identical. It is curious, however, to observe how the personal characteristics of the different personages stand prominently forward in spite of the mystical character of the incidents related. The great teacher and spiritual guide of Jelâlû-d-Din, Shems Tabriz, of whom the poet speaks throughout in terms of the most extravagant admiration, is introduced to European readers, we believe, for the first time in these pages; and a very unpleasant, arrogant, self-asserting sort of saint he seems to have been:—

Jelâl's father, Baba Veled, had a disciple, who, for some reason, gave offence to Shemsû-d-Din; the latter in punishment inflicted a deafness on both the disciple's ears.

After a time, Shems pardoned the offender, and restored his hearing. But the man bore him a grudge in his heart nevertheless. One day, Shems said to him: "Friend, I have pardoned thee; wherefore art thou still cast down? Be comforted." Notwithstanding this, his rancour remained. One day, however, he met Shems in the midst of a market. Suddenly he felt a new faith glow within him, and he shouted out: "There is no god save God; Shemsû-d-Din is the apostle of God!"

The market people on this raised a great hubbub, and wished to kill him. One of them came forward to cut him down; but Shems uttered so terrific a shout that the man at once fell down dead. The rest of the market people bowed and submitted.

Shems now took the disciple by the hand, and led him away, remarking to him: "My good friend, my name is Muhammed. Thou shouldest have shouted, 'Muhammed is the apostle of God.' The rabble will not take gold that is not coined."

Shemsû-d-Din's arrogance and violence at length brought him into difficulties, for he was arrested during a tumult which his followers had raised, and removed by the police. All his pupil Jelâl's miraculous powers failed to find out his whereabouts after this.

Jelâl was a saint of a less austere type; indeed, he was so amiable

that he had a good word even for the "pur de'il" himself:—

One day, while Jelâl was yet living, Satan appeared in person to Husamû-d-Din, and complained bitterly of the torments inflicted on him by the continuous pious exercises of Jelâl. He had said that, such was his deep reverence for Jelâl and his followers, that he dared not attempt to seduce one of them; and that, had he known that of the seed of Adam so holy a race of men were to spring, he would never have tempted the father of mankind. He further added, "I entertain a hope that the kindness of heart of his sons will lead them to intercede with Jelâl for me, and so obtain my eventual release and salvation." Husam related this occurrence to Jelâl, who smiled and said, "There is reason to hope that he need not despair. God forbid that he should despair."

There is no mock modesty about Jelâl and his followers; he was a Muslim saint of the very first water, and accepted any little testimony to his excellence from competent authorities as a tribute due to his merits. Take the following incident, for example:—

When Jelâl was quite young, he was one day preaching on the subject of Moses and Elias (*Qurân xviii. 59-81*). One of his disciples noticed a stranger seated in a corner, paying great attention and every now and then saying, "Good! quite true! Quite correct! He might have been the third one with us two!" The disciple surmised that the stranger might be Elias. (Elias is believed by Muslims to be always visible somewhere, but that people know him not. Did they recognize him, they could obtain from him the secret of eternal life which he possesses.) He, therefore, seized hold of the stranger's skirt and asked for spiritual aid. "Oh," said the stranger, "rather seek assistance from Jelâl as we all do. Every occult saint of God is the occult friend of him." So saying he managed to disengage his skirt from the disciple's hold, and instantly disappeared. The disciple went to pay his respects to Jelâl, who at once addressed him, saying, "Elias and Moses and the prophets are all friends of mine."

The reader will find in these veracious anecdotes all the "phenomena" of modern "spiritualism" anticipated, and Jelâl not only had intimate personal relations with deceased worthies, but he could "levitate" better than Mr. Home, and perform aerial journeys against Mrs. Guppy herself. At Damascus, when a young student, he "was frequently seen by others to walk several arrow-flights' distance in the air, tranquilly returning to the terraced roof on which they were standing"; and being questioned by an admirer concerning his ubiquitous qualities, he replied that "The men of God are like fishes in the ocean; they pop up into view on the surface here and there and everywhere, as they please."

Amidst all this extravagant nonsense there is a great deal in these anecdotes that throws light upon the career of the remarkable man who composed the "Koran in the Persian Tongue," as the *Mesnavi* is called; while Mr. Redhouse's work forms as a whole a complete treasury of occult Oriental lore.

SCIENCE AND SINGING.*

WHENEVER any branch of art is touched on by scientific men, the first result is to excite a strong movement of antagonism amongst its professors. They begin by asking, Of what use is this to us? We practise our profession successfully, and we teach it to others, without knowing all these things. Why should we burden our minds with useless knowledge? And, again, as the result of scientific examination is sure to be that science points out one method as being better than others, all who do not practise that method are at once up in arms, and deride the presumption of men of science in venturing outside their legitimate field of action in order to teach artists their own art. Ever since the invention of the laryngoscope by Garcia, there has been more or less of this antagonism between teachers of singing and investigators who have worked at the subject of voice from a scientific point of view; but we hope, considering how rare good voices and good singers are in spite of the great interest taken in music and the large number of people of both sexes who are year by year making it their profession, that teachers of singing will begin to feel that there is something wrong in their methods of training, and will therefore be inclined to listen to the lessons which physiologists can teach them.

The two points which we propose to consider are both touched upon by the authors of the books now before us—first, the method of breathing, and next, the important question of the different registers of the voice. Mr. Gordon Holmes's present book, which is an abridgment of his *Treatise on Vocal Physiology and Hygiene*, touches on so many subjects in so short a space, that we prefer to follow Mr. Behnke, only saying that Mr. Holmes fully agrees with him on the question of breathing, and that there is nothing in "the science of voice-production and voice-preservation" to contradict him on the subject of the registers. For the clear, even, and steady production of the voice, the first requisite is to fill the lungs fully, and to have free control over the flow of air from them. Both these results are obtained by cultivating what is known as "abdominal breathing," in which the capacity of the chest is increased by flattening out the curved muscular base of the lung-chamber. This is the natural mode of breathing, and increases the capacity of the chest more than any other form of breathing by itself. With this is to be combined the "rib breathing," in which the ribs, by turning on their joints at the backbone, advance the front wall of the chest. It is doubtful

* *The Science of Voice Production and Voice Preservation, for the Use of Speakers and Singers.* By Gordon Holmes, Physician to the Municipal Throat and Ear Infirmary, formerly Chef de Clinique at the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, &c. London: Chatto & Windus, 1880.

The Mechanism of the Human Voice. By Emil Behnke, Lecturer on Vocal Physiology at the Tonic Solfa College. London: Curwen & Sons.

whether the "collar-bone breathing," by raising the shoulders, should ever be used, and it certainly should be reserved as a last resource when notes of exceptional power and length are required. These points have been brought out experimentally by Mr. Behnke by means of the spirometer, an instrument for measuring the quantity of air breathed out after a full inspiration. These experiments have been made, not only on himself, but also on pupils who have been under his care as a singing-master. Both authors attribute the unsteadiness of voice known as "tremolo," or "vibrato," to faulty teaching on this point; and both explain the prevalence of this blemish amongst French singers by the system of breathing recommended by the *Méthode de chant du Conservatoire de Musique*, which says, according to Mr. Holmes:—"Quand on respire pour parler ou pour renouveler simplement l'air des poumons, le premier mouvement est celui de l'aspiration; alors le ventre gonfle et sa partie postérieure s'avance un peu. . . . Au contraire, dans l'action de respirer pour chanter, en aspirant il faut aplatis le ventre et la faire remonter avec promptitude en gonflant et avançant la poitrine." The effect of thus flattening the abdomen is to prevent the descent of the muscular base of the chest cavity (the diaphragm), which is endeavouring to fulfil its proper function, so that not only is the cavity of the chest not as large as it ought to be, but the whole column of air which the singer is using rests on a large muscle which, being in a state of unnatural strain, has a tendency to convulsive twitches and quiverings, which makes steadiness of voice-production out of the question. The condemnation of collar-bone or clavicular breathing is so clearly set forth by Mr. Holmes that we cannot do better than quote his words, with some little abridgment:—

Clavicular respiration . . . is performed by a set of muscles which are not primarily intended to move the chest walls. . . . As these muscles act chiefly on the upper ribs, which not only possess little mobility on account of their size and stiff joints, but are, moreover, restrained by the bones and soft parts of the shoulders and neck being superimposed on them, clavicular breathing can only be effected by a kind of struggle. For the muscles which are capable of lifting the shoulders off the upper part of the chest must first contract before room can be obtained for the elevation of the superior ribs. The consequence of such labour is rapidly supervening fatigue, which is greatly disproportionate on the side of excess to the trivial amount of respiratory movements executed. And it may also be affirmed with confidence that no speaker or singer can practise it to any extent without showing a marked deficiency of endurance, which must lead to a complete defeat of his strength if called on to use his voice for a lengthened period, such as when engaged energetically in a protracted debate, sustaining a leading part in a five-act play, or singing through an opera.

But, though these facts have been long known, it is even at this day not uncommon for singing-masters deliberately to teach this vicious method of breathing to their pupils.

On the next most important question, that of the different registers of the voice and their proper use, Mr. Behnke practically breaks new ground. He has carefully gone over the whole subject of the production of the voice as far as the larynx is concerned, and worked it out anew by a long and careful series of experiments and observations with the laryngoscope; and he has come to the conclusion that at the lower part of the voice the vocal chords vibrate throughout their whole length, and that some considerable part of their width takes part in the vibrations; as the pitch of the note rises the chords are strained more and more tightly up to a certain point, thus forming the chest, or, as he prefers to call it, the "thick" register. Now, if the pitch be still raised, the chords vibrate still throughout their whole length, but only at their edges, until another point has been reached—the notes thus produced forming the "throat" register of singers and the "thin" register of Mr. Behnke's nomenclature. Now the chords only vibrate by a portion of their length, and the scale can be further ascended, forming the "head" or "small" register. Here we see much such a provision for preventing excessive strain as we find in stringed instruments—the banjo being a good example; the low notes (we speak of the open strings of the instrument) being produced by thick strings, the next higher by thin strings of the same length, and the high notes by a shorter string. Of course Mr. Behnke's statements must be exposed to scientific criticism by other physiologists who have repeated his experiments, before they can be accepted as final explanations of the mechanism by which change of register is effected; but, fortunately, his practical conclusions are almost independent of the trustworthiness of his observations and theoretical deductions. There is no dispute amongst physiologists as to how the strain on the vocal chords is produced; it is universally admitted that they are tightened by the movement of one cartilage of the larynx (the thyroid) on another (the cricoid). This movement can be felt in the living subject, and Mr. Behnke gives the following experiment:—If we feel carefully at the lower part of the larynx, or "Adam's apple," in the throat, we shall find a small soft place which will about take in the tip of the little finger; sing up the scale, keeping the finger in this place, and following the upward movement of the larynx, it will be found to close up gradually, but after it has closed, if the register be changed to the "throat," the scale can be further ascended without fatigue. Now this space is formed by the opening between the fixed and movable cartilages of the larynx, and its closure indicates strain on the vocal chords, and by the nature of the mechanism when it is completely closed no more strain can be put on them without actually bending the cartilages.

We thus see that, whether by the means suggested by Mr. Behnke, or by some other, the vocal chords at certain parts of the scale can be made to give higher notes without increasing the strain on them. Now the necessary physiological effect of

throwing away this natural relief of the strain on the larynx by attempting to force up the lower register is to over-stretch the vocal chords and to bend the cartilage which tightens them, which produces irritation of the parts, and, if carried too far, causes inflammation to set in, with the very probable result of thickening and hardening a mechanism which ought to be flexible and free to work properly. This commencement of inflammation can be seen by means of the laryngoscope, the parts becoming red and gorged with blood. Mr. Behnke concludes his little book with these words:—

Never extend the lower registers upwards, but strengthen the upper registers, and carry them downwards, thus equalizing the voices from top to bottom, and enabling your pupils to sing without straining. That is the great lesson taught by the investigations described in these pages. I have seen a singer pull himself together, and with a tremendous effort shout a high A in the thick register (from the chest). His neck swelled out, his face became blood-red, and altogether, the "performance" was of an acrobatic rather than of an artistic nature. The general public of course loudly applauded; but people of refinement and taste shuddered. Such exhibitions are unfortunately not rare. If this little book should contribute, however remotely, to discourage them, it will not have been written in vain.

We may add that it would also tend to prevent the waste of many a life; for the cases which are now so common of young men and women who, having beautiful voices, determine to become professional singers, and lose their voices during their training, would become very much rarer, and perhaps eventually disappear. Singing is not a game in which things are fair or unfair, but an art; and if a tenor has to sing a high C, provided the note be of good quality and true in pitch, it does not matter artistically whether it be produced in one register or another. We hope that the day has now gone by when people went to the opera to hear one singer sing one note, and that the death-warrant of the "Ut de poitrine" will soon be signed by all real lovers of music.

The complex but interesting question of quality or *timbre* is not touched upon by Mr. Behnke, and is only shortly spoken of by Mr. Gordon Holmes; it is one which must be carefully attended to by any teacher who takes Mr. Behnke's advice, as, if the upper registers are to be used, great care must be taken to preserve a uniform quality of tone throughout the voice by paying due attention to the movements of the tongue pillars of the fauces and soft palate.

In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Behnke's book is clearly written, and the plates well drawn and printed, while the anatomical details are made clear to the general reader by the use of English names for the different parts. We can only regret that the small size of the work prevents the author from giving any record of his experiments, which would be of much interest to all students of the subject; but, as it stands, it is a very valuable book, and ought to be read and thought over by all who have the training of young singers, and indeed by all musicians.

JAPP'S GERMAN LIFE AND LITERATURE.*

IT is impossible to read Mr. Japp's book at the present moment without comparing him at every turn with Mr. Carlyle on the same theme. The death of that great interpreter of things German in England is in all our minds, and the appearance of a series of fresh essays on such names as Lessing, Herder, Novalis, Tieck, inevitably recalls those review articles published more than half a century ago, which more than anything else served to unveil to English society the principles and the leading representatives of German romanticism. Such a comparison, moreover, is constantly invited by Mr. Japp himself, who has apparently read his Carlyle mainly in order to disagree with him, and is always ready to pour alternate argument and repudiation upon the head of the translator and admirer of *Wilhelm Meister*. But the comparison actually made can only turn out ill for Mr. Japp. From a book representing considerable reading, but of intolerable prolixity and verbiage, dealing with great themes without an adequate understanding of any one of them, it is a welcome relief to turn to the strong, intelligent sincerity of the Carlyle essay on Novalis, or to the full knowledge, the sympathy guarded by independence, of the article on "The State of German Literature." One of the first points of difference that one remarks between the earlier essayist and the later is that, while Mr. Japp is for ever hovering round the philosophical and artistic principles of the German romantic movement, endeavouring by an obscure and allusive style to persuade himself and his readers that he understands matters which are really altogether out of his ken, Mr. Carlyle throws himself straight upon the uninstructed popular consciousness he imagines himself to be addressing, and makes plain to it, in language that no educated person can fail to understand, what Romanticism and German idealist philosophy as a whole are driving at. He does not need to clear his own mind in the process. That has been long ago cleared and illuminated by the same order of beliefs which had inspired Novalis and Herder, and in describing the Romantic or the Idealist point of view, Mr. Carlyle is describing intellectual processes through which he has himself passed and himself issued into light. Sympathy, however, can be very well dispensed with in guide if he makes it plain that he possesses sufficient intellectual power to secure a true apprehension of the thing viewed without it. Or, instead of the stimulus of sympathy, we may have the

* *German Life and Literature, in a Series of Biographical Studies.* By Alexander Hay Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.L., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., F.S.A. London: Marshall Japp & Co.

stimulus of opposition, and clearness may result from the endeavour to contrast opposing views. But Mr. Japp satisfies none of these three conditions. He has neither the infectious illuminating sympathy of the believer, nor the intellectual grasp which might serve as a substitute. Nor has he any analytic force of disbelief and criticism, whereby to sharpen his adversaries' points against his own. In fact, the book is as little positive as may be. Its mere length is an index of weakness. One paragraph of Carlyle's will convey more to a reader asking what Herder and Tieck and Novalis really meant than a hundred of Mr. Japp's elaborate and closely-printed pages.

The readers whom these essays may attract will probably turn first to that on Goethe. For, in the first place, everybody imagines himself to know something about Goethe; and, in the next, there is much recent German work on Goethe which remains still to be summed up in English, and a fresh article on him, after all that has been said and written on the subject during the last thirty years, has no *raison d'être* at all unless it has either new information or new points of view to offer. Mr. Japp cannot certainly lay claim to new information. Of a whole modern section of German books on Goethe Mr. Japp appears to have made little or no use. Nor was it his object apparently to know anything about them. His object was to present what he supposes to be a new point of view, in much danger of being lost sight of. His thesis appears to be that Goethe personally and as a writer was so morally corrupt that his fame never could have grown and flourished as it has done unless it had been first of all fostered by a degenerate society and then spread in a degenerate world. Mr. Carlyle, Lewes, *et hoc genus omne*, are represented as conspiring to force upon a moral English public a man whose genius was no doubt great, but whose life and views on certain subjects were such that they ought for ever to interpose between this genius and its natural effect upon mankind. Mr. Japp feels called upon to protest, and to drag forth passages from Goethe's life and writings in order to fortify his own position, that Goethe was not, as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Arnold has imagined, a moralizing and enlightening influence in spite of all the blemishes both personal and literary, of which they were quite as well aware as Mr. Japp, but that he was at once odious as a man and corrupting as an artist. For his officiousness in collecting and commenting upon these aforesaid passages no reader will feel much inclined to thank him, nor will it contribute to the general circulation of his book. No line of criticism can well be more barren or more futile than this. Is there really nothing to be got out of Goethe but the doctrine, more or less sensually embodied, of the *Wahlverwandtschaften*? Is this his only or his chief content? Is that what people mean when they place Goethe in the forefront of the intellectual forces of our day? Mr. Japp would complacently say yes. He traces the doctrine of elective affinities through the majority of English novels, sees it strong in George Eliot and triumphant in—Ouida! But the majority of cultivated readers will turn away contemptuously from the question. Such an influence as Goethe has exercised upon the finest minds in Europe is not to be so explained, and to dwell exclusively upon that side of it which Mr. Japp has chosen for consideration is only to put oneself out of court as a critic. How far the endeavour to save society from Goethe has led Mr. Japp from all ordinary standards of literary good taste may be judged from the following extraordinary passage (the italics are ours):—

Though he had been a prince of the blood or a reigning monarch uniting to his high position all the glory of the genius that was his, still we should turn away from him with the same sense of something inexplicably coarse, gross, and sensual, deeply indequate in the grain of him—something at once prurient and callous, impervious to many of the loftier strains of sentiment and self-respect; and we should have written precisely as we now do, were he still alive to pit his patronage and his power against us for such words.

This is courageous, indeed, though it is difficult to understand how Goethe's resurrection to life and royalty could affect Mr. Japp's moral judgment of his works. If the royalty were a royalty of the Frederick the Great order, no doubt such writing as Mr. Japp has allowed himself might be a little risky; but if a cat may look at a king, an indignant critic may at least "turn away" without too much heroism. Altogether there is something irresistibly ludicrous in Mr. Japp's treatment of Goethe. Much of what he says is undeniably true, and his remarks upon the separate stages of Goethe's development are often acute, so far as his Germanized style will allow; but the self-importance, the fussiness, the one-sidedness of the whole are so amusing that all serious impression is finally lost in laughter, and we forgive Mr. Japp for what has evidently afforded him so much occupation and relief.

There is a great deal of purely biographical interest in some of the remaining articles. The essay on Lessing is full, and shows reading; while that on Winckelmann is apparently a useful summary of Carl Justi's exhaustive biography. We have heard much, however, both of Lessing and of Winckelmann of late years: and Mr. Japp's power as a biographer does not extend to giving us new lights upon the critical or philosophical positions of these two great men. When he comes to talk about these positions there is nothing but weariness for the reader, who feels that, whereas Lessing's *Luocoon*, whatever be its positive merits or demerits, is at least an exquisitely clear and intelligible piece of writing, Mr. Japp's criticisms on it and endeavours to clear up what he calls its logical inconsistencies are fragmentariness and incoherence itself. So with Winckelmann's *History of Greek Art*. Mr. Japp makes a great many remarks upon it which, in the ag-

gregate, convey little or nothing to the reader; while the real significance of the book, its place in the history of art criticism, of the art-spirit itself, are left untouched and uncomprehended. He is content to quote second-rate and clumsily translated criticism such as this of Hettner's—"He presented to the intelligence once more clear and complete, as with the gracious demand of divine forms, the eternal beauty of the Greek art, which had been perceived only as by the eyes of men awakening out of dim dreams"—when there was lying close to his hand in English judgments so adequate and so finely expressed as those in Mr. Pater's well-known essay. Mr. Pater, however, belongs to what Mr. Japp calls the "art pour art" school, and is therefore discredited in his eyes. He might, however, have so far yielded as to take a hint from Mr. Pater in his treatment of the relations between Goethe and Winckelmann. Mr. Japp seems to have altogether missed the importance of these relations; and yet "the aim of a right criticism is to place Winckelmann in an intellectual perspective of which Goethe is the foreground. For, after all, he is infinitely less than Goethe; it is chiefly because at certain points he comes in contact with Goethe that criticism entertains consideration of him."

For the rest, it may be said that the article on Moses Mendelssohn is the best that Mr. Japp has done. It does not provoke disadvantageous comparisons; it is well filled with facts; it tells an interesting story fairly well; and Mendelssohn's place in the history of Jewish thought has been appreciated. On the other hand, the essay on Novalis is perhaps the worst. It is avowedly intended as a polemic against Mr. Carlyle, who, according to Mr. Japp, has dwelt too much on the mysticism of Novalis, and too little on his "dutiful practicality." As a matter of fact, Mr. Carlyle has by no means neglected this side, but, as might be expected from such a critic, he has spent his strength on what was really important and distinctive in Novalis—his religious imaginativeness. Nor is Mr. Japp's account of Novalis wanting in insight only; as a mere catalogue of his works it is extremely deficient. As for the translated maxims, the greater part of them are unintelligible until they are compared with the German. What, for example, is a "genuine canonical man"? and why must his life be "throughout symbolical"? Many, again, seem to have been borrowed from Mr. Carlyle's rendering, and spoilt in the borrowing. But if we were to dwell upon details our task would be endless. Mr. Japp makes an apology in the preface for the misprints of which he dimly suspects the number; and we are bound to say that the apology is sorely needed. If any "society journal" chose to start a series of German puzzles for the amusement of its readers, it could not do better than quote Mr. Japp's German extracts and ask for the correction of them. Sometimes, again, the translation is truly amazing, as in the following passage from the preface to Herder's *Volkssieder*:—

Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, I see your shadows still moving before me in the islands, blessing the multitudes, and hear the echo and re-echo of your songs as I feel your presence and your power in my land and my language. The German, literally translated, yields the following very different result:—

Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, I see your shadows there before me, amid the multitude upon the islands of the Blessed, and hear the echo of your songs; but ship from you to my land and my speech is wanting [*mir fehlt das Schiff von euch in mein Land und meine Sprache*].

TEXTS, TRANSLATIONS, AND CLASSICAL AIDS.*

WITH Mr. Taylor's happy researches in some parts of Ovid we have had favourable experience in his Rugby days, and we are glad to see him adding to and utilizing his handy book at Kelly College. His work presents the due amount of necessary elucidation, and puts the gist of all that is contained in the text clearly before the tiro. Among the later sections, for instance, is the "Story of the Tuscan Mariners," transformed, as Milton sings in *Comus*, on Circe's Island; as well as the graphic passage about the Calidonian Boar-Hunt. The first passage is obviously borrowed by Ovid from the Seventh Homeric Hymn, where Tuscan sailors take Dionysus for a king's son, and carry him off in their vessel in hope of ransom. The helmsman alone protests against the wrong, and thus escapes the penalty and transformation which befalls the rest. It is he who is the spokesman of the Metamorphose, and tells how he was born and bred a relief.

* *Stories from Ovid*. In Hexameter Verse. By R. W. Taylor, M.A. Head-Master of Kelly College, Tavistock. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1881.

Phædrus's Fables. Translated from the Latin. By John Burke. Dublin: M. H. Gill. 1881.

Latin and Greek Verse Translations. By Charles Donald Maclean, M.A. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

The Beginner's Latin Exercise Book. By Rev. C. Sherwill Dawe, B.A., Lecturer and Assistant Chaplain, St. Mark's College, London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1880.

Græci Reddenda: Miscellaneous Sentences for Translation into Greek Prose. By C. S. Jerram, M.A., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford.

The Classics for the Million: an Epitome of principal Greek and Latin Authors. By Henry Grey, &c. &c. London: Griffith & Farran. 1881.

The Story of Achilles. Edited, with Notes and Introduction by the late John Henry Pratt, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Walter Leaf, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

[April 2, 1881.]

fisher, but found it well to supplement this solitary and slow calling by steering and star-gazing, and so

Mox ego ne scouplis hererem semper in iadem,
Addidici regimen dextrā moderante carinā
Flectere, et Olenie sidus pluviale capellē.—III. 392-4.

In discriminating the course of the mutiny Mr. Taylor makes all clear as to the functions of the rebel crew and the capture, against the will of *Acetes* the steersman, of the girl-faced Bacchus in disguise. *Acetes* is overpowered by the rebels, of whom *Lycabasis* is the fiercest, and, narrowly escaping from being thrown overboard, has to resign the helm and forsake his own and Bacchus's intent to steer for Naxos. Alongside of *Lycabasis* figure *Dictys*, the clever topsail bestrider (35), "quo non alius concendere summas Ocyor antennas, prensoque rudentes relabi," who was expert "at sliding down by the ropes"; or he

qui requiemque modumque
Voce dabat remis animorum hortator Eopeus (38);

where Mr. Taylor shows that the functions of boatswain, who by voice or flute gave the time to the rowers, were those of κελεύστης. We may note that this adaptation of the *Metamorphoses* for schoolboys is the very place to find illustration meet of such figures as "metonymy" or "transfer of names"—e.g. in xviii. 41, where "pinus" the timber is put for the ship as we used "steel" for "sword," or "copper" for "caldron." Another of its good points is the good and apt citation of parallels for every memorable passage.

To turn to fables, we know from the title of Phædrus's work that the Fabulist was manumitted by Augustus. It ran *Phædri Aug. Liberti Fabularum Aesopiarum Libri V.*, and he is believed to have composed them in the reign of Tiberius, in Rome, where he learnt Latin, and it is inferred that he wrote the prologue to Eutychus after the death of Augustus. From himself we gather that he was a native of Thrace, and was one whom, speaking in poetic style, "Pierio mater enixa est jugo," Book iii., Prologue 16-7. His sufferings at Rome are shown from internal evidence to have been caused by a relentless persecutor, Sejanus, until after whose death he is assumed not to have published. The nature of his debt to *Aesop* is somewhat discrepantly stated in different prologues. That to Book i. states the Fables as *Aesop's* matter turned into Iambics, and adds that their scope was to amuse and instruct. Prologue to Book ii. intimates a freer handling of *Aesop's* material. In Prologue to Book iii. he still quotes *Aesop* as his model. There is no prologue to Book iv., and in that to Book v. he says he has often used *Aesop's* name only to recommend his verses. It is plain that many of Phædrus's fables are not *Aesopic*, as they relate to much later historic matter (see v. 1, iii. 10). Written in iambic verse, the fables which come to us as Phædrus's are pure in their Latin, precise, elegant, and simple. They show him to have been desirous of fame, and sensitive of detraction. It is generally admitted that it is the fabulist Phædrus who is alluded to iii. 20, v. 3 of Martial's Epigrams, "An *amulatur improbi jocos Phædri*," where the epithet "naughty" imputes loose stories to this writer. The fables of Phædrus were buried long in the library of St. Remi at Rheims, and at last published by Peter Pithou, a Frenchman, at the end of the sixteenth century. We cannot see any superiority to the versions of Christopher Smart and others in Mr. John Burke's long-drawn-out version, as may be seen by any one who will compare Fable VII. of the first book with its original, "The Fox and the Mask," "Personam Tragicam," &c.:

A fox once found a mask an actor lost
As over fields with careless steps she crost.
"Doubtless 'tis fine," she said, "its beauty gains
My admiration; but it has no brains."
This is for those to whom chance doth dispense
All the good gifts, excepting common sense.

Smart's rendering is beyond question briefer, brighter, and better, e.g.:

A Fox beheld a Mask—"O rare
The Headpiece—if but brains were there!"
This holds—whene'er the fates dispense
Pomp, power, and everything but sense.—CHR. SMART.

Mr. Charles Donald Maclean's graceful prologues to his fellow-Salopians are worthy of those to whom they are dedicated, as also of the classic press to which they are confided. We could select choice samples of elegiac, hexameter, alcaic, sapphic verse, worthy to serve as models hard to match, to say nothing of some nine or ten exercises in Greek iambics. But in a group of booklets of this kind, it is length, or rather brevity, that helps a reviewer's choice, and, therefore, we transcribe from p. 5 the elegiacs which fitly represent Goldsmith's song, "When lovely woman stoops to folly":—

Cesserit intactum si quando femina nomen,
Nescia proh facinus fallere posse viros,
Carmine quo tandem possit lenire dolorem?
Flebile qua valeas arte luisse malum?
Unica que culpam possit velasse pudendum,
Et nimis infelix oculuisse nefas,
Consciaque infidei cruciet que pectora amanti
Sufficit ars illi, sufficit una, mori.

We may add an epigram of Herrick on poet Prat:—

Prat he writes satyres; but herein's the fault,
In no one satyre there's a mite of salt.

Scribit Aper satyras. Sed Aper culpandas in hoc est,
Quod est in satyris mica vel una salis.

The circulation of such neat translations should evince a good time coming for model composition.

The three books next following differ more in calibre than in plan. All aim at realizing the maxim which Mr. Sherwill Dawe propounds—namely, "Répétez sans cesse"; and it cannot be doubted that the grand secret for beginners is a perpetual testing of knowledge by practice, a perpetual ringing the changes betwixt accident and exercises. Each of the latter consists of four sections—namely, A., work to be prepared for next day's lesson in writing; B., exercises in the accidence prepared for oral practice; C. and D., sentences for translation, whether written or oral. This exercise-book seems adapted for the class of beginners for whom it is designed by its sound and simple tables of case-endings, verbs, vocabularies, &c.

Mr. Jerram's *Grace Reddenda* is designed rather for practice in translating English into Greek than for instruction; to supplement, not to supersede, other manuals. It represents a collection of chief constructions, without rule or reference, for *viva voce* or paper work, prepared or off-hand on the pupil's part. A hundred sentences or so illustrate the simple sentence, and with the help of a few notes run easily into Greek. These represent Part I. Part II. on the compound sentence presupposes a knowledge of ordinary idioms; Part III. forms a helpful introduction to continuous Greek prose. Phrases printed in italics direct the learner to differences of idiom, though sparingly as the book advances. Much stress, too, is laid, and justly, on a serviceable vocabulary. A good sample of Mr. Jerram's sentences from Xenophon's *Anabasis* may be tested by comparing pp. 19-21 with the Greek author himself. But Dr. John Williams White works out this problem with most entirety in his series of first lessons in Greek adapted to Godwin's Greek Grammar, and designed as a threshold to Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Books I.-IV. Avoiding too much of formal grammar along with the opposite extreme of slip-shod and ill-based carelessness, he pursues a middle course, and makes each detached sentence from Xenophon serve as a drill not only on forms, but also in syntax, with a complete and careful armoury of memorial footnotes. It is vain in our present space to enumerate the features which give Dr. White's book a superiority as a full and sufficient text-book over the two foregoing. We can but say that in the matter of excellence of vocabularies, no less than in distinct and bold print, it bids fair to win its way into the favour of enlightened teachers.

Mr. Grey's *Classics for the Million* is a work of no originality or research, though haply a sufficient epitome for the use of the unlettered. Taking the double series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, and testing each volume of it side by side with his compendium, we gather an impression of considerable drudgery to little profit, though here and there a little fugitive amusement.

It is a welcome task, albeit space-restricted, which we hail in our final notice, the so-called *Story of Achilles*, from the Iliad. This, as we are reminded in its preface by Mr. Leaf, is the offspring of a suggestion of the subtle De Quincey in his Homer and the Homericæ, that the lines of an Achilleis might be gathered and interwoven from the Iliad with perfect regard to the unity of a beautiful whole. Mr. Grote's subsequent dogma on the subject has to be disconnected with any such special subject, or the name Achilleis might mislead; but it is not the less a happy undertaking of Mr. Leaf's, to weave into a connected whole the twelve books contained in this edition, and consisting of the First, the Ninth, the Eleventh, the Sixteenth, and the remaining books consecutively. We have to deplore the loss of Mr. Pratt, the proposed editor, but perhaps no one is more competent to carry on his work than Mr. Leaf, who promises, when the present task is fulfilled, another and completer edition of the whole Iliad on a larger scale. The present volume has the advantage of references to Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary, translated by Dr. Kepp, and avails itself of La Roche's text, and (*inter alia*) Ebeling's unfinished lexicon.

We are led to draw our criticisms from the Eleventh Book of the Iliad, as a part of the Achilleis, inasmuch as its annotations throw some collateral light on the speculation which Sir George Lewis and Mr. Grote solved adversely to Lord Macaulay, whether Homer represents his heroes as riding. The famous book which affords light on the topic is the Tenth, where Diomed and Ulysses are conceived as one sitting, the other driving in the *διόπος*. In the Eleventh Book, however, where in the former part there is ample illustration of Agamemnon's prowess, we come upon the manner of fighting which Priam's sons, Antiphus and Isus, as also Peisander and Hippolochus, sons of Antimachus, used; and in a valuable note on v. 94, upon *ἔξ πτων καρπάθμενος*, it is made plain that *πτών* is very frequently (to say the least) in the Iliad synonymous with *διόπος*. It is of the sons of Priam, Isus and Antiphus, in v. 100, when laid low, that Homer says, *καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπεν αὐθέντα ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνονος στήθεσι παυράβαινοντας*, *ἐπει περίδους χιτῶνας*; and here we note an original suggestion of Mr. Leaf, that there may be in the words an ironical allusion to the common phrase *τεύχοις παυράβαινοντας*, "shining with bare breasts instead of with cuirasses," and a concurrent allusion to the fair skin of youth. Our only demur is whether this be not a too early and comic touch of *παρὰ προσθοκία*, though it is very ingenious. This is one of the best of Macmillan's School Class Books.

IN LUCK'S WAY.*

In Luck's Way is a light and somewhat inconsecutive sporting novel, with a love story cropping up through it here and there. The love seems to be thrown in as an indispensable sacrifice to the exigencies of fiction, though the author might have made more of it with advantage, as he dashes in his love scenes prettily. In sporting matters, on the other hand, he is thoroughly in his element; he lingers fondly about paddocks and training-stables; he dilates on race-meetings and the excitements of the course; and seeks his sensations in speculation on forthcoming "events" and the intrigues and counterplots of the betting ring. It is entirely a man's book; but many of the chapters are amusing reading, and the author is generally lively. Unfortunately he is unconsciously and gratuitously diffuse; and the story, so far as there is a story, might have easily been compressed into a single volume. Nowhere is he more prolix than with some of his humorous characters, though he is far from being devoid of humour. There is a certain Mr. Abraham Emmet, for example, who figures most prominently in the broad comedy parts. Mr. Emmet is the sporting landlord of a snug little rural inn greatly in repute among local sporting men. It has flourished long under the sign of the "Bumblekite Pie," and is so named, as we have reason to believe, after a popular Yorkshire delicacy. Emmet is rather happily conceived. He has a jovial visage and a shrewd wit; but while he is a landlord by profession, he is a quack doctor for his pleasure, and goes botanizing in the hedge-rows in his leisure moments. "The humour of it," as Nym would say, is that he prides himself on the possession of a sovereign specific in the shape of a vile decoction of simples, which he is perpetually pressing on his friends and even on casual acquaintances. The joke, to a certain point, is a good one; as when we hear of his poisoning a wealthy aunt of his wife's with a cup of his most abominable mixture, sacrificing thereby their fair hopes of her succession. On another occasion, a knowing jockey bends Abraham to his purposes, by flattering his medical vanity and actually swallowing his doses. But the joke is mercilessly ridden to death, and all the more so that Abraham is irrepressibly garrulous when fairly mounted on his favourite hobby. And although the sketches of individuals are tolerably true to nature, allowing for a certain caricaturing and over-colouring, there is much that is fanciful in their combinations. The Turf, in one respect, is like the proverbial misery; it makes its votaries familiar with strange companions. But Mr. Webber carries social incongruities rather far. His hero, Mr. Mark Winstanley, is intended to be emphatically a gentleman; and, indeed, he is a gentleman in manners and feelings, though, having been brought up in the United States, he has some of the peculiarities of his adopted country. We should scarcely have supposed that he would have appreciated the facetious familiarity of one Mr. Gimble, the sporting clerk of his family lawyers; for, though Mr. Gimble is made entertaining enough, he is of the class of light-hearted youths who are the ornaments of popular music-halls. Nor should we have expected either to find Mr. Winstanley's worthy trainer hospitably urging his employer as a matter of course to take a share of the domestic dinner *sans façon*, or to see Mr. Winstanley hobnobbing with a rough-mannered bookmaker, visiting that gentleman at his private residence, and flattering him by admiring his collection of paintings. It is even more astonishing to know that Mr. Gimble enjoys the unreserved confidence of a firm of steady-going men of business. For Messrs. Bartle and Stent are fully aware that the scapegrace is devoted heart and soul to racing; and is in the habit of "putting on his money" so freely, that even the sporting Mr. Winstanley deems it advisable to give his young acquaintance a hint on the subject. We may add that Mr. Webber, and not perhaps unwisely, has made very obvious efforts to utilize accidental stores of local knowledge in laying the substructures of his story. For there is no special reason why Mr. Winstanley should be introduced to us through the medium of a thrilling adventure in the Channel Islands, where he and a cheery Bohemian artist, who happens to know his family, are caught and nearly cut off by the rising tide. As the incident occurs in the opening chapter, we need hardly say that they escape the melancholy fate of the hero in Victor Hugo's *Travaileurs de la Mer*. The episode leads on to some amusing studies of the habits, speech, and eccentricities of the lower classes of the Channel Islands.

Taking Mark Winstanley's practical American training into account, it is almost startling that he should be "fooling about" in Jersey, when urgent family affairs are demanding his presence in Yorkshire. He is ignorant, as we are willing to believe, that his rich old grandfather lies actually on a deathbed; but, considering that the Squire was notoriously in feeble health and far advanced in years, it seems improbable that his grandson should have deferred his intended visit to him. Happily, however, if Winstanley is supine, the family lawyers are energetic and heartily devoted to his interests. It is the more lucky for him since they are not the only people who are profoundly concerned as to his movements. Mr. Jack Raspley, the old Squire's steward and sporting factotum, with Mr. Raspley's magnificently beautiful daughter Gwendoline, have promptly started on a voyage of discovery, guided by some rumours as to the probable whereabouts of the presumptive heir. On the same packet from Southampton that carries the Raspleys and their

future fortunes, Mr. Gimble has embarked as special envoy of the lawyers. In the neck and neck race between the rivals, Mr. Gimble wins, having the more accurate information. He has an interview with Mr. Winstanley, gains his ear, puts him in possession of all the circumstances, and fully on his guard. Nor does Gimble's chance to be the only evidence as to the doubtful character and questionable designs of the Raspleys. The warnings of the London lawyers are amply confirmed by the personal experiences of Mr. Mercer, the artist, whose intimacy Winstanley had been cultivating between high and low water mark, and who was a very old acquaintance of the Raspleys. So, with ample warning and with much at stake, we should have supposed that a wide-awake young gentleman like Winstanley would either have given the siren Gwendoline a wide berth or have been effectually steeled against her fascinations. As a matter of fact, the reverse is the case. He plays with fire and scorches his wings; rushes upon his fate with his eyes open; and is victimized in a bare-faced fashion that makes us contemptuously indignant. Gwendoline and her unscrupulous old father play a game that proves to be only too simple, and appear for the time to have it all their own way. When Mark has been dragged clear of the toils by the frank disclosures of his honest trainer, he struggles back into them of his own accord. Yet, in spite of a weakness, altogether inconsistent with his conception, and almost amounting to idiocy, we admit that Mr. Webber succeeds in interesting us in him. And the extent of our interest may be measured by the irritation we feel when he has committed a crowning act of folly on the eve of the principal event, at a great Northern racing meeting. He owns the favourite, and winning is a "moral"—we may observe, by the way, that the favourites from the Winstanley stables are always sure of winning, bar accidents or foul play. He misdoubts Raspley, though he is dazzled by Gwendoline, and his trainer, in whom he thoroughly believes, has persuaded him to give the mount to a jockey who may be trusted. The effect of the announcement of his decision on Raspley, coupled with most suspicious fluctuations in the betting, should have convinced him beyond all manner of doubt that Raspley has been foully abusing his confidence. Yet when Gwendoline chooses to exercise her charms, she wheedles him out of his assent to a piece of most dishonourable dealing. He will not retract his arrangements as to the mount, but he declares that his horse shall be scratched; and we fully assent to the indignation of the backers whom his most inexcusable weakness has "put in the deepest of holes." In fact, he has dealt so heavy a blow to his reputation as a straightforward sportsman, that we are surprised he could show his face at subsequent meetings without more unpleasant personal consequences than any suggested in the novel. It is true that in the end he has his revenge upon Raspley; and, so far, romantic justice is satisfied. The revenge is entirely in harmony with the spirit of a thoroughly sporting novel. He makes his losses, with a heavy payment in discharge of a debt of honour bequeathed him by his grandfather, the pretext for a visit to America and a temporary withdrawal from the Turf. From America, where he inherits a second fortune, he comes back with a string of famous "flyers" and a crack American jockey. He lays himself out chiefly for the ruin of Raspley, who has been figuring in the highest feather on the strength of his plucking of the Winstanley pigeon. Thenceforward the chief events in English racing seem to reduce themselves to a series of matches between the Winstanley "cracks" and the animals from the Raspley stables. The rascally touts whom Raspley retains in his pay discharge their duties but indifferently. Ignoring the glorious uncertainty of the Turf, as well as the quality of the animals they have to beat, Raspley and his confederates pile on the money with blind confidence. They come, as might be expected, to signal grief, and are effectually disposed of in a couple of meetings. And when we take our last look at the disreputable old leg, he has been landed by the revolutions of the wheel of fortune in the deepest mud of an Epsom racecourse, where his heartless daughter, shining in the social firmament as a star of the stage, is flaunting it in her carriage; and Winstanley, moved to compassion, is thinking of reaching in his enemy a helping hand.

We have seen that Winstanley was predestined to be befooled by the fair sex. It was a happy succession of mishaps rather than his own good sense or penetration that saved him from falling for life into the clutches of Gwendoline Raspley. And we confess that, had we not been let so freely behind the scenes, he might have made fair excuses for his folly. Gwendoline might have seemed eminently seductive had it not been for the running commentaries of the author on her conduct, and for her close confederation with her scheming father. She is strikingly handsome; she has almost a genius in the art of dress; she wears airs of winning frankness as a second nature; and, to crown all, she is a finished actress. But, then, Winstanley has every reason to know that, beneath that enchanting mask of candid beauty, she conceals selfishness, sensuality, and utter unscrupulousness. And, moreover, Mr. Webber has put him *en rapport* early in the story with a character in every respect the opposite of that of Miss Raspley. Nelly Stewart has all the sweetness and freshness of nature implied in her simple name; and her gentle counter-attractions, acting on the straightforward and susceptible young Squire, ought to have proved an effectual antidote to the charms of the Circe of the betting-ring. Of course we feel assured from the beginning how things will certainly end; and when Nelly is troubled over the hesitating advances of her admirer, we know that she is destined to change her name for

* *In Luck's Way*. By Byron Webber, Author of "Pigskin and Willow." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

that of Winstanley. At the same time we feel that, in marrying her, Winstanley will be far more fortunate than he deserves to be; and it is always unsatisfactory when the hero of a story drifts into fair prospects of happiness, in place of attaining them by his merits and an exercise of the will.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

In undertaking a memoir of Valentin Conart (1) MM. Kerviler and de Barthélémy have done a good deed. The first secretary, and, as far as any one man can be called so, the real founder of the Academy, the friend of almost two generations of men of letters, and himself a man of letters of no mean order, Conart has come down to posterity chiefly ticketed with Boileau's perfidious praise of his silence. Conart would not perhaps, even had he been a more audacious and prolific writer, have ranked with the greatest of the great writers who illustrated his period; but he deserves no mean place among the reformers of French prose, the men who, with Balzac at their head, set to work to fashion, as Dryden and his followers did in England somewhat later, a flexible and elegant style suitable for all purposes, and not so absolutely dependent on the individual genius of the writer as was the case with the rich but ill-organized language of the Renaissance. This volume comprises an excellent life of Conart, diversified by many pleasant citations in verse and prose from contemporary authors, and illustrated by ample information as to persons and things mentioned, and a copious collection of his correspondence. Both the authors have proved their acquaintance with the period already, and their combined knowledge and skill have achieved a very useful and creditable monograph.

The third volume of M. Wallon's History of the Revolutionary Tribunal (2), occupied as it is with the very central period of the Terror, covers a frightfully small space of time in proportion to the abundant matter with which it deals. By this time the author has reached the so-called "grande procès de Germinal," when the Revolution, having already devoured the Girondins, began to lust after its own thoroughbred children. Hébert, the half-mad fanatics who had made up the entity of the *Père Duchêne*, began the sacrifice, and the turn of Danton and his friends followed next. Owing to the affection of the Positivists for the Sansculotte Mirabeau, the trial of Danton has of late received a great deal of attention; but it is not superfluous to have it treated once more by a writer so able and so impartial as M. Wallon. The third great *fournée* of Germinal contained partly the dregs of the Hébertist party, Chaumette, the apostate Gobel, &c., and partly guiltless victims such as the wife of Camille Desmoulins, besides innumerable persons who have not been fortunate enough to get themselves fixed in the general memory. Floréal, the flower month, was not behind in eventfulness; and its calendar includes the death of Mme. Elisabeth and Lavoisier, besides that proclamation of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul which has pointed so many epigrams, from that of Billaud Varennes downwards, against Robespierre. Five hundred pages barely suffice M. Wallon for the history of these two months of blood.

The last volume of a history (3) not dissimilar in subject though different in plan, completes the work of its author, who has now been dead for some time. The Baron de Layre appears to have executed his task—that of arranging the materials of the late M. Mortimer Ternaux—very well. And though the scale of the work—eight large volumes for two years—may appear excessive for a book which has not, like M. Wallon's, the excuse of including an almost textual reproduction of documents, there is room for it among the annals of perhaps the most eventful period of modern history.

The only objection that can fairly be brought against M. Laugel's work (4) is that its major title is a little too ambitious. Actually it consists of four separate studies of persons sufficiently remarkable—Eléonore, Princess of Condé; Jeanne d'Albret; Louise de Coligny, the Admiral's daughter; and the Duc de Bouillon, lover of Marguerite de Valois and father of Turenne; besides an essay on the religious wars, one on the Swiss regiments in France, and others. These papers are of real value, full of fact, and lucidly written and arranged. But they are *mémoires pour servir* only, not a regular treatise on their titular subject.

Yet another volume of scattered semi-political papers of M. Alphonse Karr's (5), and one which is perhaps superior in interest to the last issued. The dates of these white pebbles are not given, nor are they, except approximately, traceable. But they seem to have coincided with the Presidency of M. Thiers. At the opening there is a charming story, told in M. Karr's best manner, of Eugène Delacroix's first appearance at the Louvre, of the frame which he wrought himself and which fell to pieces, of the painter Gros insisting on the adaptation of a frame in order that the conditions of exhibition might be complied with, of Delacroix's gratitude, and

his unwillingness to accept Gros's invitation to "come and learn to draw," and of the older man's epigram later when the young colourist bowed to his benefactor—"Il ne faut pas seulement aimer les gens; il faut apprendre à dessiner." Perhaps it will not be new to all readers, but, as told here, it is certainly readable by all.

The inroads recently made on the independence of the French judicial bench by Republican impatience of anything but servile partisanship have inspired M. Georges Picot to write a learned and useful book on the history of French judicial arrangements for the last century (6). He has gone regularly through the chapters of the Republic, the Empire, the Restoration, the July Monarchy, and the Second Empire, adding some discussion of the state of the Bench in other democratically governed countries, notably the United States and Switzerland, and has then dealt with the whole subject of the organization of the magistracy. No impartial critic will deny that M. Picot's ideal of a judge as "le libre serviteur de sa conscience et du droit, non pas le soldat d'une cause," is the true one, and few will be found to assert that the tendency of democracy is to affirm the same proposition.

It was assuredly a good thought of M. Calmann-Lévy (7) to issue in an album, as a companion to that which recently illustrated the work of Gavarni, some extracts from the work of his greater predecessor Gavarni. Like the former, this book has a preface by M. Ludovic Halévy, modest enough in size and tenor, and acknowledging itself as chiefly a cento of what Sainte-Beuve, Paul de St.-Victor, the brothers De Goncourt, and others have said. The book does not contain the work by which the artist is best known, and which, perhaps unjustly, has frequently caused him to be regarded as a light censor of the follies and fashions of the times. The plates here contained are taken from the series entitled "Histoire de politiquer," "Thomas Vireloque," "Les Bohèmes," "Manières de voir des voyageurs," "Les parents terribles." They were all, if we mistake not, composed after Gavarni's London sojourn, when he was already a man of middle age, when the strange studies or delusions (whichever word may be preferred) that occupied him later had already acquired a hold on him, and when a distinct vein of cynical misanthropy was the vein he chiefly worked. With somewhat less pathos than "Les Lorettes vieillies," "Thomas Vireloque" is (we have the pleasure of fully agreeing here with M. Halévy), perhaps, on the whole, Gavarni's masterpiece. The very first presentation of the modern Diogenes, with his hideous and yet scarcely repulsive mask of a face, his fluttering rage, and his sentiment, "L'homme ça mange les moutons comme fait le loup, et ça bête comme le mouton et touche à tout. . . . Misère et corde!" strikes the key-note of the series. All who know anything of Gavarni know that the legend of his pieces is an integral part of them. He sometimes left them finished, but unpublished, for months because "they had not spoken to him," and he constantly altered the legend in successive states, because he was not satisfied with it. This intensely literary character, which made him one of the most typical of the men of 1830, has sometimes lowered him in the estimation of mere art critics, unjustly perhaps, for caricature may be fairly argued to be a kind of middle term between literature and art, partaking of both, as drama partakes of poetry and prose. However this may be, the legends are assuredly almost the chief part of Gavarni's designs, though the designs themselves rarely fail to illustrate them admirably. Thus, in the Vireloque series the philosopher in rags comments on a cow which regards him with placid wonder, after the manner of cows, "Belle créature; Et pas de corset." Thus he leans against a telegraph-post and delivers himself in a style that would have charmed the author of *Gryll Grange*:—"Y avait la parole, y a eu l'imprimerie. Misère et corde! Ne manquez plus que ce fil-for du diable à la menterie humaine pour vous arriver de longueur aussi raide qu'un tonnerre." Most famous of all, and not least remarkable, is the piece in which Vireloque rests against a paling looking down on a wretched object sleeping off a debauch with the simple words, "Sa majesté le Roi des Animaux." Then, again, there is his plea against cruelty to animals—"Ça se dévore entre soi"; his lecture to youth on the philosophy of history, "L'histoire ancienne, mes agneaux, c'est mangeux et mangés. Blagueux et blaguenés—c'est la nouvelle"; his horribly undemocratic epigram, "Ego! ego! ego! Tous égaux," and a dozen other arrows of the chase as pointed and swift-flying as these. If he yields, as he certainly does, to some caricaturists, both French and English, in political appositeness, to others in happy seizing of the minuter social follies and fashions, Gavarni has had few equals, if any, in this sort of ethical cynicism, not perhaps very deep or very original, but universally applicable, admirably true, and expressive with a literary and artistic skill still more admirable. Nor is it unworthy mention that some of the best things here reproduced were included in the marvellous series of designs which for a whole year he contributed to a daily paper of the Comte de Villedieu's at the rate of one full-page lithograph a day.

We have more than once had occasion to notice the pleasure with which a reviewer from time to time comes across reprinted work of Théophile Gautier's in the midst of the books of to-day. These carefully garnered by works of the most golden-mouthed of journalists are rarely such as to add directly (in comparison, that is to say, with already known work) to his literary fame. But they always savour delightfully of a time which knew neither naturalism nor slovenliness in matter of writing, and they are always

(1) *Valentin Conart.* Par R. Kerviler and E. de Barthélémy. Paris: Didier.

(2) *Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire.* Par H. Wallon. Vol. 3. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Histoire de la Terreur.* Par Mortimer Ternaux. Vol. 8. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *La réforme au 16^e siècle.* Par A. Laugel. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Les cailloux blancs du Petit Poucet.* Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *La réforme judiciaire en France.* Par G. Picot. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *La mascarade humaine.* Par Gavarni. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

admirable examples of journey-work in literature. The present volume (8) might in English be entitled "Little Travels." A good deal of it is concerned with Switzerland, a hundred pages being given to Mont Blanc, and nearly as many more to the Matterhorn and its neighbourhood. The pleasantest paper in the volume, however, to our thinking, is one on a barge journey on the Meuse, and there is a set of shorter articles on the Vosges which is almost equally attractive. The well-known description of Gautier's articles—"Nectar qu'on vous verse au coin d'une borne"—could hardly be better illustrated than by the perfect narrative and descriptive manner of these unpretending papers.

M. Nisard's volumes of travel (9) cannot pretend to the charm of Gautier's, but they are interesting, all the more so perhaps that the papers which they contain are in some cases as much as half a century old, while not one of them seems to be younger than the age when man is supposed to be sufficiently ripe for the episcopal office. The first volume deals with France, the second with Belgium and England. The observation of the veteran Academician is usually accurate, his opinions sound, his information sufficient, and his manner of writing clear and agreeable. The first volume, which deals with France, and for the most part with the South of France, deserves even less measured praise.

M. Lemonnier's *Les charniers* (10) is a curious and rather unpleasant book, introduced by a curious but not unpleasant preface from the pen of that singular writer, M. Léon Cladel. Written under the immediate inspiration of the disasters of 1870, the book presents the horrors of battle-fields and ravaged villages with an odd mixture of naturalist affectation and genuine literary power. There is something of the latter in it, but the effect is nightmarish and unsatisfactory.

A new volume (11) of the *Bibliothèque d'aventures et de voyages* is occupied with Polar expeditions since the death of Lieutenant Bellet; an ingenious fashion of connecting France in some measure with kind of travel with which her sailors have not for many years been officially associated. The chief sections are naturally devoted to the *Polaris*, the Austrian expedition, that of the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and that of Professor Nordenskiöld.

The second volume of Mme. Carla Sérenta's travels (12) busies itself with Persia, and bears on the cover the presentation of the author fantastically, but not unbecomingly, equipped, and confronted with an exceedingly "high-hatted man," as Mr. Morris picturesquely describes the inhabitants of Iran. As before, personal interviews of no very great interest make up the greater part of what Mme. Sérenta has to tell us. Moreover, the traveller does not seem to have penetrated much further than Teheran, which she reached by the usual northern route from the Caspian.

Whether the republication of the *causes célèbres* of a year as told by a *Figaro* reporter can be considered a work tending to edification is perhaps a moot point. M. Albert Bataille (13), however, certainly tells his stories well, and if, as his friend M. de Rodays (who, according to a custom which seems to become more popular every year in France, contributes a recommedatory preface) suggests, he makes his republication yearly, the book may have some value as one of reference.

A less dubious annual presents itself in the twenty-fourth volume of M. Louis Figuer's valuable *Année scientifique* (14).

Mme. Ashurst-Venturi has thought fit to publish (15), for the use apparently of the French workman, a short but adoring biography of Mazzini, and a translation of his thoughts on European Democracy and the Whole Duty of Man. It is to be feared that she has not chosen her time very well. The French Progressist workman has got beyond Mazzini, whose beautiful nebulous sermons must seem to him far inferior to the practical lessons enforced by Hartmann and Russakoff, while the unadvanced is hardly likely to read him.

The *Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine* has enlarged its already long list by two items (16, 17), a treatise by M. Ribot on Diseases of the Memory, and an essay on Substance, written from the point of view of what may perhaps be called a kind of abstract empiricism, by M. Roisel.

The French-English and English-French Dictionary (18), begun by the late Mr. Clifton, and completed by M. Adrien Grimaux, boasts itself to be the most complete of its kind, and, we are inclined to think, not without reason. Two thousand pages of a large imperial octavo size, printed in triple columns, give a very large amount of space; and, so far as we are able to judge, this space is well filled. It is hardly possible to criticize a dictionary except after having it in possession and use for some

(8) *Les vacances du lundi*. Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Charpentier.

(9) *Souvenirs de voyage*. Par D. Nisard. 2 vols. Paris: Caimann-Lévy.

(10) *Les charniers—Sédat*. Par C. Lemonnier. Paris: Lemerre.

(11) *Les explorations des régions polaires*. Par J. Gros. Paris: Dreyfous.

(12) *Une européenne en Perse*. Par Carla Sérenta. Paris: Dreyfous.

(13) *Causes criminelles et mondaines de 1880*. Par A. Bataille. Paris: Dentu.

(14) *L'année scientifique*. 1880. Par L. Figuer. Paris: Hachette.

(15) *Biographie de Mazzini*. Par Mme. E. Ashurst-Venturi. Paris: Charpentier.

(16) *Les maladies de la mémoire*. Par Th. Ribot. Paris: Germer-Bailliére.

(17) *La substance*. Par Roisel. Paris: Germer-Bailliére.

(18) *Dictionnaire Anglais-Français—French-English Dictionary*. 2 vols. By E. C. Clifton and A. Grimaux. Paris: Garnier.

time, and noting the occasions on which reference is unsatisfactory; but such inspection as we have been able to make has been, on the whole, favourable. The inclusion of numerous technical terms, and of a very large number of phrases, seems to constitute its specialty. It ought to be added that MM. Garnier, who are famous for bringing out cheap books, have surpassed themselves here. It would not be easy to have a bigger twenty-francs' worth of permanently useful printed paper.

Le monologue moderne is a pretty little pamphlet (19) in which M. Coquelin cadet gives an account in monologue-form itself of the kind of address he has made so popular. The illustrations, drawn in miniature by M. Luigi Loir, are quaint and pleasing.

Some novels of merit have recently appeared. To begin, according to our custom, with reprints, M. Charpentier has issued the ever-charming *Manon Lescaut* (20) in his little pocket series, and M. Lemerre has republished the *Boucassiné* (21) of M. Léon Cladel, one of the least eccentric, and perhaps the least repulsive, of that powerful, but crochety, writer's works. The foremost place among new books must be given to M. V. Cherbuliez (22), but we do not think that *Noirs et rouges* will add very much to the reputation of the author of *Méta Holden*. As the title not obscurely indicates, the burning question of clerical v. anti-clerical furnishes a good deal of the matter of the book. The heroine, Jetta Maulabret, has some of the attractiveness which seldom fails M. Cherbuliez's heroines, but the other characters are not very interesting, and the story somehow fails to enlist the reader's attention; Sister Amélie, Jetta's aunt, is perhaps the best of the personages. M. Théodore de Banville has paid to the other sex, in entitling and dedicating to them his volume of short tales, a compliment which they ought to be grateful for, though these *Contes* (23) are, to some extent, rather *pour les femmes* than *pour les jeunes filles*. They are admirably written, in perfectly good taste—according to Parisian standards, which are not quite the same as ours—and seasoned with that humour which often deigned to visit the cradles of the men who were born in France between 1800 and 1830. To say this is, indeed, only to say that they are the work of the author of *Les Cariatides* and *Les Occidentales*. A volume of translations from M. Rangabé (24) will give those readers who "have" no modern Greek an opportunity of estimating the justice of M. Gennadius's recent strictures on his countryman's "inherent shallowness," combined as it is with some merits of style and manner. *Le roman de Gabrielle* (25) is a disagreeable story, showing no originality of plot or manner, and saturated with the kind of sentimental morality or immorality which leaves a bad taste in the mouth. On the other hand, M. Huysmans' book (26), though like most of the work of the members of the tribe of Zola, it is equally unpardonable from the point of view of art and from that of morals, shows not a little misapplied talent. In essence it is a kind of study after *L'éducation sentimentale*, and, though immensely inferior to that strange book in richness of character-drawing and observation of life, it has the advantage of greater unity and less length. M. Emile Pouillon has drawn in *Cleettle* (27) (which appeared originally as a feuilleton in the *Temps*) one of the best of the studies of Southern French peasant life which are now so frequent. The heroine, a shepherd girl in the *Causses*, or great chalk plateau of south-central France, is very good indeed, and her lover Jordi, with his superstition and weakness of character, if less prepossessing, is not much less good. M. Jules de Glouvet, whose remarkable novel *Le forester* attracted much attention some time ago, has followed it up by a kind of parallel study in *Le marinier* (28). This time the personages are drawn not from the inhabitants of the great forests of central France, but from the river-faring population of the Loire. Perhaps the book is hardly equal to its forerunner, but it has great merit notwithstanding, and the character of the faithful widow Marie-Anne is novel and striking enough.

In *Une femme d'argent* (29), without exactly exposing himself to the charge of plagiarism or imitation, M. Hector Malot has somehow kept very close to the tracks of M. Alphonse Daudet. The attached clerk, whose wife at once betrays him and speculates on the credit of his connexion with a great financial house, is a figure which needs to be made thoroughly sympathetic to be interesting. But a man of business who allows his wife to persuade him that by bargaining she has bought things for about a tenth of their value is not sympathetic, because he is too obviously a fool. *Secondes noces* (30) is a somewhat colourless book, neither better nor worse than the ordinary run of French novels, except that it is quite unobjectionable in subject and treatment morally, and that it is written and imagined with rather less skill than most of its fellows. MM. Tissot and Améro appear to be entering into serious competition with M. Jules Verne as purveyors of books of adventure, though they in-

(19) *Le monologue moderne*. Par Coquelin, cadet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(20) *Manon Lescaut*. Par l'Abbé Prévost. (Petite Bibliothèque Charpentier.) Paris: Charpentier.

(21) *Le Boucassiné*. Par Léon Cladel. Paris: Lemerre.

(22) *Noirs et rouges*. Par V. Cherbuliez. Paris: Hachette.

(23) *Contes pour les femmes*. Par Th. de Banville. Paris: Charpentier.

(24) *Leila*, etc. Traduit de A. R. Rangabé. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(25) *Le roman de Gabrielle*. Par * * * Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(26) *En ménage*. Par J. V. Huysmans. Paris: Charpentier.

(27) *Cleettle*. Par E. Pouillon. Paris: Lemerre.

(28) *Le marinier*. Par Jules de Glouvet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(29) *Une femme d'argent*. Par Hector Malot. Paris: Dentu.

(30) *Secondes noces*. Par Mme. Claire de Chandeneuse. Paris: Pion.

